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AN APPEAL TO FATHER ABRAHAM.

FROM A WESTCHESTER GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

O! save us father Abraham!
Save us while you can;
Our trust is very weak,
And so are our brave men.
Our pockets, too, are empty,
Save with worthless paper stuff,
And tho' we have our daily bread,
We scarcely get enough.

The produce, which we've worked so hard
To raise from off our farms,
Is shipped to foreign countries,
To purchase fire-arms;
And our fathers, brothers, sweethearts, too,
Are sent to Dixie's land
To die there in the dismal swamps,
Or by the Southron's hand.

Then save us, father Abraham!
And let the nigger go:
Save our once happy country
From this sad scene of woe,
Then, our children, who shall form
Generations yet to come,
Shall rise and call thee blessed,
"A second Washington."

WESTCHESTER, Nov. 19, 1862.

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Lilly seemed as one bereft of reason, but managed to preserve silence. All she had to say, Clifford could read in her eyes. To condescend to address him, she would not, for she felt that he was the most consummate villain of the two she had to deal with, by placing her at the whims and mercy of her old enemy, when he could avenge his own wrongs without handing her over to others whose color was as black as the act to be committed.

"You are in my power, Miss Salome," continued Bob, "and to offer any resistance would be futile."

Ringing a bell, two gigantic negroes showed themselves at the door, and giving them a sign to depart again, they bowed and disappeared as rapidly as they came.

"Cons'gn me to those blacks, Bob Clifford, and my curse will fall on you fearfully. Leave my body to them, and may all of my sex whom you hold dear, reap the reward of your cruelty;" and, for the first time, nature manifested its weakness, by the tears that started from their hiding places, and coursed down the cheeks of the wretched woman. But tears produced no effect on Clifford; his heart was impervious to the silent monitors of distress, and he only laughed, as if in mockery, at their mute appeals, as they traced "a line of sorrow" on her fair face.

"Those black menials," said Bob, "shall not molest you, Miss Salome; they go now to prepare a couch where you can revel in those joys you are no stranger to." Going to the door, he added, "Content yourself awhile, they'll return shortly, and lead you to the silver chamber."

Clifford left the presence of the aggrieved Lilly, who silently brooded over her deplorable condition.

The few moments spared to her were as hours of agony, as the bare mention of the chamber caused the blood to run cold in her veins. To escape was impossible; fate decreed the terrible ordeal staring her in the face, and to struggle against it would be useless.

There exists a class of people who entertain preconceived ideas as to the feelings—under such peculiar circumstances as we describe—of a woman leading a fast life; and doubt that grief, terror or poignancy of soul, can pervade her bosom, when a man, repulsive and loathsome to the different senses of womanly delicacy, forces himself upon her as a companion. Such ideas are misconceived and fallacious in the extreme, and to dispute the contrary, is but to betray an utter ignorance of human nature. When a woman barters away her virtue, it is not reasonable to suppose that she also parts with her sense of taste, or certain interior delicacy. Because a female is barren of virtue, violence committed upon her person is not justifiable; it is a crime. So it stands recorded in our courts of law and justice. Human law draws no distinction between conditions in this matter. Facts guide justice in its various ramifications, and to prove the perpetration of a rape upon a woman of ill repute, consigns the violator to imprisonment. Hence we are to suppose that a wrong was done the female, and in that case, such could not be the fact were she destitute of those many feelings that combine in action, generating SELF-ESTEEM.

It was Lilly Salome's pride of person and self-esteem that was goaded with terror at the decree before her, and as we find her a woman of more than ordinary cultivation, we do not marvel that her soul revolted at the idea of being forced to an act that no wretch could purchase her consent to.

As the two "mokes" again made their unwelcome appearance, with shirt sleeves rolled up and adjusted above the elbows, Lilly retreated to a corner of the room. Seizing her by the arms and legs, they hurried her away to the dreaded "Silver Chamber." By brute force they divested her of every particle of clothing; accustomed though she was to the rough usages of men, this fiendish act caused the blood in her throbbing bosom to crimson her pale cheeks, as a rebuke to the black miscreants that dared commit such a sacrilege upon a white woman.*

In their hands Lilly was but a "pigmy's straw," as it did not require an over amount of exertion, on their part, to force her down to the couch.

Securing her limbs firmly with the straps, Lilly was held, as it were, in a vice. Apprehending that her voice would be inaudible to friendly ears, she refrained from screaming, and remained passively quiet. As she lay thus stretched upon the couch, the black devils made their exit; and Clifford, with a sardonic grin on his countenance, entered the chamber. Scanning the rare beauties of form that Lilly possessed, Bob expressed great admiration for her person.

"You're a perfect Venus, Miss Salome. You should have joined Madame Wharton's Model Artists at the Franklin Museum. You'd take the rag off the bush among them padded pelicans."

Lilly essayed not a word in return, but closed her eyes to shut out the villain from her sight. Her thoughts averted to Blake; if he but knew of her awful position, he would hasten to her rescue; but Blake was, at that very hour, locked fast in the arms of sleep, and there being no other friendly interposition at hand, we leave her to her fate, and draw a curtain over the scene that ensued, for why should we tarry to view a deed so foul and hellish, that only devils incarnate love to gloat over in its consummation.

CHAPTER VII.

Dick Foxwell, the "Ghoul"—Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant—A disclosure interesting to Pugilists—Bill Kernan and his backers—a scene—"You talk sassy"—Clifford again—The little pugilist on his dignity—"Three thieves"—A letter to the referee and a postscript—Garroters at work—Kernan exercises his muscle—Jas. Oliphant.

Dick Foxwell, to whom Clifford made a vague allusion in a previous chapter, was known to few of a certain class as the "Ghoul," deriving the appellation from the nature of his occupation, which was to loiter in the vicinity of assignation houses, ladies' private supper rooms, etc., and track females that came out of them to their residences; then indict them, a missive, or meet them, as circumstances would warrant, and then threaten an exposition to their husbands, relatives, or friends, if they should refuse, not only to give money, but to pander to his carnal appetite. To this day our chief cities are cursed by the existence of these "Ghouls," who prey upon the unfortunate and misguided females that happen to come beneath their argus eyes. "Ghouls" are invariably men of neat and winning address; urbane in manner; brilliant conversationalists, and regarded, by those who are not cognizant of their calling, as men of affluence, their means of maintenance never being visible except to the unhappy creatures whom they treat as slaves

Foxwell was about twenty-five years old, and rather clever in his business. His manner was affable, though he appeared rough and boisterous when it suited him to be ugly in disposition, for he possessed in his composition just enough of the donkey to be stubborn when he chose to be at variance with those surrounding him. Dick's voice was soft and flexible to a degree almost feminine. His style of dress was complete black, which contrasted pleasingly with his habitual pale face, that bore a melancholy but pleasing expression, such as is visible with those who are laboring under some deep grief. His eyes were blue, which, in conjunction with a merry chin dimple and pretty white teeth, formed a "combination of attractions" all sufficient in themselves to render his occupation a paying one.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the fight at Bull's Ferry, Dick was "pileing" through Canal street for the Hoboken ferry, being on a monthly visit to that locality to "bleed" a merchant whom he once detected, with a respectable lady of New York, coming out of a "meeting house," when he was met and saluted by the man, who, the reader will remember, was deputized by Clifford to deliver to Dick the paper containing the latest hotel arrivals.

Delivering the paper and the message to Dick, the latter gazed over the Astor House list, and reading the name of "J. Oliphant and Lady," he muttered a few words inaudible to the man, and bidding him to tell Crifford to call on him the next day, he walked rapidly away in the direction of the ferry house.

Jas. Oliphant was a retired grocer, and settled into easy life with his wife, who, bearing him no issue, they were not on "good terms," in one sense, at least; but they never went on the rampage about it as most married couples are apt to do, when sighing and discussing over the mysteries of fecundity.

Mrs. Oliphant was in her thirty-fifth year, and ten years the junior of her "liege lord." Notwithstanding she yielded a decided influence over him, she never once assumed to deprive him of the "inexpressibles," being a discriminating woman, and aware of the true sphere of a wife's position. Mrs. O.'s beauty was not of that type that tempts a female to declare a looking-glass to be the handiest thing in the house, yet her countenance ever shone with smiles, and was agreeable to every eye, for smiles are as beams of sunlight, capering and dancing about like frolicsome lambkins, making merry those who behold them. In appearance, Mrs. O. was majestic and ladylike; her dressing style being absolutely void of ostentatious display of finery. In a few words, she was a matter-of-fact, plain, discreet, solid-minded woman of Boston, that discovered more worth and science in the making of pumpkin pies, and ironing shirt bosoms without rubbing off the buttons, than in studying the mummery of society *Creme de la creme*, and *pirouetting* through a ball room, squeezed to death, almost, by broad cloth covered monkeys that look like men.

Known to be wealthy, Dick Fox entered Mrs. O.'s name in his books as a "case to work on," though he entertained serious doubts as to his ability to entrap her. One day, when thinking over the matter of ensnaring her, he had recourse to Clifford for advice. There existed a strong friendship between the two men, one always assisting the other, no matter what the job was in hand.

While arranging a plan whereby to enthrall Mrs. Oliphant, the husband of the lady was suddenly called away to Richmond, Va., which, for a period, put an end to their game, as Mrs. O. accompanied her husband on his journey to that city. They were detained at Richmond for three months, and returning to New York rather suddenly, their residence was not prepared for their reception, so we find them guests of the Astor until matters assume a proper shape for their abode.

Dick was waited upon by Clifford as the former requested, and it did not consume much time for the pair of villains to concoct a scheme to involve Mrs. Oliphant, if such a thing were possible, in a criminal act. How the plot worked, will be recorded at a proper time.

* * * * * * * * *

According to appointment, Mark Blake, Frank Clerkson, Jim Sullivan, Bill Hasty, Jack Moreton, and others of the sporting fraternity, met at the hour designated, in a public house situated in Division street, previously notifying the referee where they could be found in the event of one or two of their number being wanted.

On the other side, Bill Kernan and his two backers met at the residence of Chris. Samson, in Leonard street, about the same hour.

Chris. Samson and his "co-adjutor," Tod Swelter, were men of but little principle, as the following case will show.

The night previous to the closing of the match between their man and Jack Moreton, Bob Clifford had an interview with them, and paying them a sum of twenty five dollars apiece, they promised to tamper with Moreton's bottleholder, or drug the liquors for Jack, in order to secure a victory for Kernan, and thus satisfy the craving revenge of Clifford.*

* This incident of drugging is no fiction, as witness the case of Aaron Jones vs. Tom Sayers, and the attempt to drug Heenan by cigars, before his encounter with the Champion of England.

Considering that Clifford had arranged for police interference, at first this story seems improbable; but when we consider that Bob intended to be on a sure game, we find that before calling upon the backers of Kernan, he premeditated a visit to the police, could he but learn the locality selected for the fight. Bob reasoned thus: The chances of police interference were dubious, as the boys, perchance, might get wind of their approach, and "emigrate" to another locality. The police failing to track the fugitives, the drugging system would then have to be enforced. Either means proving successful, Clifford would be satisfied, as the one brought an abrupt termination to the contest, and the other an ultimate defeat to Moreton.

This villainous partnership between his backers and Bob Clifford, was revealed to Bill Kernan when on his road to the house of Samson, by one of Clifford's party, who was beginning to work against Bob. Being a very proud fellow, and jealous of his fame, the news of such a despicable action of his backers disgusted him.

When Bill came into the presence of his backers, Samson motioned him to be seated, but he declined to sit in their company.

"No, gentlemen," he said, in a haughty tone, "I have no time to sit and converse with you, and would not exchange a word with either of you did I not desire to free my mind of something that you should hear me speak."

The two backers were amazed, and an explanation was demanded by Samson.

"I desire to inform you that I never again fight in a ring for money of yours; you are both false men."

"What do you mean, Bill?" demanded Swelter, assuming an air of indignation; "do you insinuate that we played false to you?"

"Not to me, exactly," returned Bill, who could well talk to such men as his backers proved to be. "You both aimed to level the character and boasted fair play of the prize-ring, by bartering with a scoundrel who had not the courage to meet his foes in the honest manner taught by us, who foster pugilism by manly actions. I tell you, gentlemen—you need not stare so—I tell you that the sooner we fighting men purge the prize ring votaries of such vampires, of which you are both fair representatives, who draw and sponge the very life blood from the poor pugilist, the better. If I am too personal, it is because I dare utter the truth."

"You are too d—d personal, Bill," replied Samson. "Perhaps you'll regret this language to us."

"Perhaps so," returned the pugilist. "Do you think I would play dog to two such harpies as you are? No, for I would, in doing so, belie the character of the class with which I have set my destiny. My association would not be tolerated among the honest pugilists. Should I adhere to you, they would justly shun me as one enslaved to baseness and treachery."

"Bill Kernan!" cried Swelter, rising ten inches in his boots at the honest flings of the brave youth, "we didn't expect this of you!"

"Of course you didn't," replied Bill, "because you imagined I was as foul as yourselves."

"You talk sassy," grunted Samson.

"Too d—d sassy," emphasised Swelter.

"Listen, and I'll treat you to more."

"We desire no such stuff—we want to talk business," said Samson, rattling a quantity of silver in his pants pocket.

"No more business with me," said Bill, earnestly. "When I fight again, I will choose backers who will allow me to contend for a victory on my own merits. You can bet high on that," saying which he turned on his heel to depart from their presence, when a knock was heard on the door.

Bill, being nearest to the door, responded to the rap. It was Bob Clifford. Not desiring to have any words with him, Bill avoided a recognition, and attempted to pass out.

"Hold up, Kernan," said Bob, seizing the pugilist by the collar of his coat, "What's up? You appear huffy."

"You will oblige me, Bob, by releasing your hold," replied Bill, in a jocose manner, "it's in a delicate state of health."

"Oh, come," returned Bob, coaxingly, observing that Bill was in no mood for conversation with him, "let up a little. What's wrong?"

"Nothing wrong with you, I hope," answered Bill, impatiently, and annoyed at Clifford's impertinent interference.

"You're sharp to-night, Bill."

"Yes," edged in Swelter, "he's been cutting sharp here for the last twenty minutes."

"Much blood bome?" inquired Bob, smiling at his question, as a zany that laughs at his own folly.

"Bill's going back on us," remarked Chris Samson, "an' all because of that little druggin' arrangement."

"Hello, Bill!" ejaculated Clifford to the pug., "is that your vein? Going to slide back on your friends?"

The little pugilist fixed a full eye upon his interrogator, and speaking with considerable earnestness, said:

"By what authority do you question me? Bob Clifford, you had better cease to meddle with my affairs."

Clifford retreated a step or two, to take a full view of the fighting man, and after surveying him from head to foot, his lip curled contemptuously.

"Well, 'dimmy,'" said he, alluding to Bill's diminutive proportions in contrast with his own herculean frame, "who are you talking to? If I thought you worthy of notice, I'd swat you over the jaw," and the ruffian elevated his arm as if to strike Bill, who stood motionless and calm, his cheeks growing pale, but not with craven fear. This calmness was observed by Clifford, and feeling ashamed of himself, he turned away to speak with Samson. Your calm men always succeed through life. Their power is something terrible. They seem, as it were, to burn with a white heat, the face being the index or guage to reveal the intense heat within them, that dissipates and turns to nought all opposition, as a furnace of molten metal liquifies and laps up the sharp-sided ingots as fast as they are cast into it. Thus it was with the little gladiator of the ring and the burly outlaw, Bob Clifford. By his quiet and subdued manner, Bill dethroned the will of Clifford, who felt the rebuke so silently but eloquently given, and turned away, completely awed at his own unmanliness in threatening to strike one his inferior in strength and size.

"At another time and place, Bob Clifford, you can try that game on. I'm not afraid of such a man as you are, no how. You're a mighty man among your bullies, but you can't scare anything on my side of the house. I'll see you again. So long," and the unflinching votary of the manly art made his exit from the presence of the three thieves, who were mortified beyond description, as his receding footsteps died away in the distance.

For the first time his backers felt that Bill's knowledge of their villainy would be wofully deteriorating to their business interests among the fancy, and they regretted not having detained him.

"How the devil," exclaimed Clifford, enraged, "did Kernan come to know of our bargain?"

"Don't know," replied Samson, "unless some one of your boys turned informer."

"One of my boys? Nonsense. None of them are acquainted with Bill. I'll take my oath one or both of you two gave him the information before I came in."

"And I'll swear a score of oaths we did not," added Swelter, getting indignant at the aspersion. "Some one in the secret told him before he visited us."

"A likely story," rejoined Clifford. "You'll have to lose your money if the referee demands another meeting."

"How so?" queried Samson, staring his eyes out at Clifford.

"Why, you thick heads, don't you see? Don't you know that if Bill is not at the scratch, your money goes to the other party?"

"Damn the luck," exclaimed Swelter; "that's all just"—he was about to allude to Clifford's drugging game, but thought better of it, and concluded with—"because we didn't treat Bill a little more gentlemanly—because we—"

"We must have him brought back, Bob," suggested Samson.

"And if we can't, I have hit upon a trick that will carry you safely through. It is this: You must claim forfeit."

"How's that, Bob?"

"Here," and Bob, who was an excellent penman, sat down at the table, and inditing a note in a long, rapid hand, read it aloud to the two men. The contents ran thus:—

JAS. STEWART, ESQ:—*Dear Sir*—We, the undersigned, backers of William Kernan, in his late fight with John Moreton, do hereby notify you of our intentions to claim the stakes in full, being in possession of certain facts that lead us to suppose that Moreton's friends informed the police of the whereabouts of the battle-ground. Yours truly, C. SAMSON,

T. SWELTER.

"I can't see what you are driving at, Bob," remarked Swelter.

"Nor I, either," added Samson, perplexed.

"Why, we must get Kernan out of the way for a time, so he can't do mischief, or contradict the evidence you shall put forward to claim the battle money. Miss Hettie Fletcher, a gal that Moreton is sweet on, was seen in the disguise of a boy, at the —— street station house, on the morning of the fight, giving the information to the officers. One of my men, who was arrested for some trifle or other on Broadway, was being examined at the moment, and imparted the information to me when released, as he was not committed."

"By jingo, that's something in our favor!" cried the elated Swelter.

Had Bob entertained the least idea that Hettie had overheard his information to the police, or that she knew him, he would have hesitated to enact this part, but as he imagined the contrary, he felt secure against his trickery being detected.

Settling some other little affairs, Bob was preparing to depart to look after Bill, when a man entered with a letter addressed to the two backers. Breaking it open, they read:—

MESSRS. SAMSON & SWELTER are respectfully requested to report to the referee the state of their principal for another meeting as soon as called on. A second meeting in the ring must take place within the present week.

JAS. STEWART, referee.

"That is imperative, Samson," said Bob, "so you better be expeditious with a reply. Allow me to add a postscript to your note."

Clifford again seized a pen, and traced the following *in addendum:* "P. S. Will lay the facts before you as above stated, when called upon." Then followed the initials of their names, as is customary.

Handing the document to the messenger, who departed in a moment, Clifford enjoined the backers to keep his name out of the matter, and everything would go square with them; and as he absented himself from the room, he didn't care a fig whether they succeeded or not. Such was the nature of the man.

When Bill Kernan left the residence of Chris. Samson; he sought Broadway, not knowing exactly at what point to steer his compass. Remembering that his recent opponent, Jack Moreton, and his friends met occasionally in conviviality at the house in Division street, alluded to before, and desiring to see Moreton, he accordingly tramped off in that direction. From his stand point, the route he selected was through Walker street to the Bowery. As he entered Walker street, he perceived three men engaged in a fight, two against one; and as it is the pugilist's first thought to see "an even thing," he could not stand by and witness such odds. Drawing close to the combatants, who were unmercifully pummelling their victim, Bill administered a severe drubbing to one of them, when the man turned and fled, leaving his companion alone, who, perceiving the change of odds, followed, but not without receiving a parting sockdolager from the man they were beating.

"Good!" exclaimed Bill, in admiration of the man's capacity in striking from the shoulder; "if you walked into their mutton like that before, there would have been no need of my interference. Are you much hurt, sir?"

"Thank you," said the stranger; "I owe my life to your timely assistance. The rascals wanted to rob me, I suppose, and attacked me for that purpose. I'm bleeding considerable."

Bill intuitively applied his handkerchief to the man's wounds, which were pretty ugly cuts about the face, and endeavored to allay the flow of blood that was fast oozing from the gaps.

"I am obliged to you, sir. But to whom am I indebted for this kindness?"

"Only a fellow creature," replied Bill. "You are getting weak, sir, and the most proper thing you can do is to get home as fast as possible. Will I call a carriage?"

"Do, and oblige me."

A carriage was brought, and the wounded man was placed comfortably within it; but he refused to allow the vehicle to proceed unless Bill accompanied him.

"Where to?" demanded the driver, as Bill seated himself beside the stranger.

"Astor House," replied the man faintly.

Thus Bill Kernan became acquainted with James Oliphant. It was a turning point in his career.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN AGED TRAVELER.—To undertake a journey for pleasure at the age of 105, is not a very usual occurrence, and yet such a task has just been accomplished by a widow named Girard, residing in the commune of Soize, in France. She went a few days since to Chateaudun, to visit a nephew of her late husband. She is in the enjoyment of perfect health, has very fair eyesight, and her memory is good. Last year, she walked a distance of five miles without feeling fatigued, and two years ago she could thread a fine needle. She has a sister living, who is 95, and a brother aged 90.

THREE WONDERFUL THINGS.—"My dear friends," said a Quaker woman, "there are three things that I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw stones and brickbats up into our fruit-trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish, and even wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S., Philadelphia.—"A B and C play 18 games of euchre at 12 cents a game, for drinks; which, had they taken, would in all have amounted to $2 16, but having taken but six rounds, equal to 18 drinks, it amounted to but 72 cents. How much should each pay in proportion, A losing 8; B losing 6; and C losing 4 games? ....according to the proportion of games lost, it appears that A should pay half as much again as C, and A twice as much as C; and we can see no more equitable mode of paying, than for A to "pony up" 32 cents, B 24 cents, and C 16 cents.

F. Arsenal Hotel, West Troy.—In the few rules in Hoyle supposed to govern Euchre, it is stated that where a partner assists, "the dealer may or may not go alone, but that this point should be settled before commencing the game." We have always held, that where a partner assists, the dealer *cannot* go alone.

A Subscriber for Eight Years, Washington, D. C.—1. Joe Coburn's height is 5 feet 9½ inches; fighting weight, about 150 lbs. 2. Prof. Molinexi, we believe, is in Worcester, Mass. 3. Ed Price keeps an establishment in your city. 4. Charley Ottignon has a rifle gallery in this city.

C. H. R., Toronto.—A copy of that advertisement was sent us, and upon that, and some notes of a correspondent, the paragraph was founded. Your agent was wrong to word it as he did. We are glad to hear that you maintain a neutral position, and sorry to hear that the Canadians hiss your Union songs.

J. Scullin, St. Johns, C. E.—Papers regularly forwarded. Your subscription does not expire for six months to come. Is the above address right? If so, there must be a screw loose at the post office. Have mailed the missing numbers again.

H. B. E.—1. As the cards had been dealt one to each player, the deal should have continued in the same manner. 2. If the dealer was not inclined to run the cards, after the beg had been dealt, the other players could not compel him to do so.

M. S., Philadelphia.—The present advanced portion of the season is somewhat against you; a small advertisement, stating your wants, and your line of business, may be the means of procuring you an engagement.

W. J., Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va.—Have forwarded you the missing numbers. Hope you are among the convalescents.

U. S., Harlem, N. Y.—1. Mr. William Clarke is a first class teacher of boxing. 2. Jimmy Bogan can learn you how to shake a leg.

L. H. S., Canada.—No offence whatever; the card was an advertisement, and you very properly paid for it as such. Such favors are always thankfully received.

G. W. P., 2d Army Corps, front of Fredericksburg.—Have shown your letter to the parties. A package has been forwarded to your present location.

J. Rogers, Philad'a.—Look in our Minstrel department. We shall always be happy to record the doings of our brave tars. Thanks to you.

W. A. R., Rochester.—That's it, exactly. We have made use of the slip, as you may perceive.

T. E. R., Quebec.—Miss Menken is still in Baltimore. We do not know that she contemplates visiting the provinces.

Rover Boy, Chicago.—Steamers are leaving weekly for New Orleans, and *vice versâ*. What do you mean by the last steamer?

P. P., Philadelphia.—Thomas Hadaway, comedian, is now engaged in the dramatic company at Barnum's Museum.

Jack, New Bedford.—It is doubtless another performer of the same name.

Tar Boy.—Tom Sayers is a native of England, and he also disclaims being of Irish decent.

S. P., Rochester.—1. Mrs. Forrest obtained the divorce. 2. The case is not yet out of the Courts.

Marching On, Falmouth, Va.—See our foreign department in this issue.

M. M., St. Louis.—Two dollars for one week, will cover all charges.

A. S., Belleville, N. Y.—1. Certainly we will. 2. Our position is always neutral in such matters.

W. H. G., St. Louis.—Letter forwarded on receipt of your previous letter.

Dacotah.—Jem Mace and Tom Sayers never fought in the P. R., as antagonists.

P. P., Philadelphia.—We can supply you with the required papers at four cents each.

Excelsior.—Have made some few inquiries, but opinions seem divided. We will get at the correct figures in time for our next.

H. E., Coxsackie.—Where both cents are on the crack, it is a draw.

Quoits, Lambertsville, N. J.—We have no knowledge of the peculiar game spoken of.

A Well Wisher.—Many thanks for your timely warning. The "leak" has been stopped.

Theodore, Boston.—The double-six wins.

Walter, Binghampton.—All right.

Inquirer.—See City Summary.

EXTRAORDINARY AND INCREASING RISE IN THE COST OF PAPER.

PRICE OF THE CLIPPER TO BE SIX CENTS PER COPY.

We have endeavored as long as possible to continue the publication of the Clipper at the old charge of four cents per copy, but, with most of our cotemporaries, we are at last compelled to announce an increase in price. During the past three months the cost of white paper has been constantly on the rise, and we have all along until now submitted to the extra charges made by the paper dealers, without grumbling; but during the last few weeks their demands have exceeded all calculations, and paper that sold at *ten cents per pound*, three months ago, we have now to pay *twenty-five cents for!* This "oversizes our pile," as our sporting friends call it, and we reluctantly announce that after the present issue, the price of the Clipper will be *six cents per copy*, until further notice. We have held out longer than most of the other New York publications, in the hope that the panic would soon reach its height, and paper experience a fall; instead of going down, however, the prospects are that it will rise still higher. The cause of this extraordinary upward tendency in paper, is said to be the scarcity of material from which to manufacture it.

We trust that this compulsory increase in the price of the Clipper may not be the means of lessening the number of our readers.

Our Terms.

Single Copy of the Clipper	6 cents.
To Wholesale Dealers	4 cents.
To Retail Agents	4½ cents.
To Yearly Subscribers, per annum	$3 00.
To Half Yearly Subscribers	$1 50.

Dealers and others will please take notice that the new rates will take effect with the next issue of the Clipper, bearing date December 20, and to be published on Tuesday, Dec. 16.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Up to the time of going to press on Monday evening, no intelligence of the Fight for the Championship had been received here. A full report, with excellent likenesses of Mace and King, will appear in next week's Clipper. Look out for bogus reports got up by bogus papers.

Homeward Bound.—The veteran billiard player, Mr. Michael Phelan, is now probably on his way from California, where, except in a late match with Little, his career has been altogether victorious. It is expected that he will be in New York in time to eat his Christmas dinner. The boys of the billiard fraternity will be pleased to see him, and, without a doubt, will extend to him a hearty welcome. We should not be surprised if some important matches were to take place after his arrival.

Skating.—The people of Rochester are talking of making a magnificent skating park on the Genesee, as the Ice King captures the river. Skating promises to be all the rage this winter. The skating "mania" only seized our Rochester friends last season, and they will lose no time in creating a skating park. All right. The ball will soon be up, no doubt.

THE KNIFE AND PISTOL.

The death, by shooting, of Tom Byrnes, noticed in our last, has afforded some of our contemporaries a text upon which to moralize, and rap our pugilistic friends across the knuckles. Because a man is known among sporting men, and has the name of being able to take his own part when occasion demands it, he is set down as a pugilist, or exponent of the "art of self defence," and any offence he may be guilty of is urged as an argument against the boxer, or his class. In commenting on the recent violent death of Byrnes, the *Herald* makes the following remarks:

It is a remarkable fact that many of the class of fighting politicians, whose chief argument is brute force, and whose highest influence is based upon violence, meet with sudden and violent deaths. This man upon whose case we are commenting was not, we believe, amenable to the charge of a rough and quarrelsome nature. On the contrary, he had the reputation, perhaps, of being in a measure inoffensive; but we speak of the class, and not of the individual. We have had many examples of the fact to which we allude. Bill Poole, for instance, died at the hands of a comrade in a drunken strife. Pat. Matthews, another of the same stamp, though less notorious, met his death in the same way. Paudeen and Cosgrove are other examples. Yankee Sullivan shed his own blood, and brought about the final issue of a career, during which, the blood of others was freely shed. We might multiply examples if necessary. It seems strange that all the men of this class, who, in almost every instance, are endowed with immense physical powers, and who have been trained from their youth to protect themselves *by a practical knowledge of what in ordinary parlance is termed "the noble art of self-defence,"* should invariably carry deadly weapons for their protection against each other. Probably there is not a body of men in the world more fitted by nature for self-protection than the fighting politicians of New York. When one of our most eminent surgeons was making a post-mortem examination of the body of Poole, he remarked that a more perfectly moulded form in a man, was rarely if ever seen. The muscular developments were superb. And this is true of nearly all the class of men to which Poole belonged. Yet we see these very men, with the forms of an Antinous, the sinews of a Milo, and the skill of an athlete, using artificial and cowardly means of defence, such as the knife and pistol.

But very few of the "fighting politicians" of New York know anything of the "noble art of self defence." They belong to the "rough and tumble class," who bite, and gouge, and cut, and kick, and resort to all such unmanly means to defeat an opponent. The *Herald* names Bill Poole, Pat Matthews, Paudeen, Cosgrove, and Yankee Sullivan, among the fighting men of New York who have come to violent ends, and implies that they were all boxers, or had been trained to protect themselves by a practical knowledge of the science of manual defence. The only man among those named who had a practical knowledge of boxing was Yankee Sullivan. The others were of the rough and tumble sort. But even admitting that they all belonged to the Sullivan school, the manner in which they came to an untimely end, cannot certainly be adduced as an argument against the art of self defence, but rather in its favor and against the assassin who carries a concealed weapon. Had those men been armed, and, being armed, used their weapons, as their assailants had done, their own lives might have been preserved. Poole, one of the most courageous men that ever lived, depended more upon his physical strength than upon any weapon as a means of defence. There was no single unarmed man that he ever feared, but his strength was useless against the pistol of the stealthy assassin. Poole and Morrissey once came together in a pitched fight of the rough and tumble order. They used no deadly weapons, and neither man was seriously injured. A knife or pistol would have easily put an end to the contest, but they scorned the use of the deadly weapon, and no life was sacrificed. Poole was no prize fighter; Paudeen was no prize fighter, nor Cosgrove, nor Matthews. Sullivan, who was a prize fighter, was sacrificed by a self-constituted "vigilance committee," in San Francisco. He had committed no offence, but because he was a practical exponent of the art of self-defence, he was looked upon as a dangerous character, and thrust into a dungeon. Rather than be hung by a lawless mob, he committed suicide, opening a vein in one of his arms with a piece of glass. Had he been an assassin, he might easily have dispatched a half dozen of his persecutors. Being an advocate of the use of nature's weapons only, he became a martyr to a mob of assassins. If the art of "self defence," or scientific pugilism, were more generally encouraged, and if the use of deadly weapons met with that punishment which the law calls for, and which is its due, we should have fewer murders to record, if not a less number of fights. Just so long as political assassins go unwhipt of justice, just so long may we have occasion to record street brawls and bar-room quarrels and murders. A few years ago, our State Legislature enacted a law against prize fighting, and in that act is a clause which explicitly states the punishment that shall be inflicted upon those convicted of "fighting *without* the use of deadly weapons." Is it any wonder that the knife and pistol are so frequently brought into use in deciding quarrels, when such laws are enacted?—laws which seem to invite cutting and shooting, and punish men who do not use the knife or pistol? Our representatives have committed many blunders, but this anti-prize fighting bill seems to cap the climax.

Hurrah! Where's Your Skates?—Old Jack Frost, after several warnings, has at length put in an appearance, *in propria personæ*, as the lawyers have it, and for the past night or two has given the extremity of our proboscises considerable of a squeeze 't wixt his thumb and finger. The lassies in their go to meeting crinolines, looked as blooming as a "red, red rose," on Sunday; and, like the boys, were "tickled to death" with the prospect of a good skate at an early day or moonlight night. In fact, many an engagement for the Central Park Pond, and other slippery places have already been made, and before the Clipper again sees the light, we expect to be able to record that an "immense concourse of people" have risen several inches in the world, some of them to come down "kerswollop," and "struck all of a heap." We have not invested in skates yet; but think of contracting with Capt. Ericcson to construct for us a pair of regular Monitors, fitted up with self heating apparatus on the caloric principle, so that we may be enabled to give a pleasant answer, when the question, "How's your poor feet?" is propounded. Judging from preparations now being made, the skating carnival of 1862-3 is likely to go ahead of its predecessors; skating parks, as our readers have already been informed, being put in fix in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and in fact, in or near all the principal cities and towns that old Zero takes a fancy to. Well "let her rip," say we, for skating is a good sort of exercise to take, and is an inveterate foe to dyspepsia and all kindred ailments. It is also a good democratic institution, for, ten to one, all that attempt the pigeon-wing or such like capers, will soon find their level; and those who laugh at others' mishaps, will soon find themselves taking a smile t'other side. However, elevate your courage to the sticking point, and go it while you're young, but by all means see that you keep your perpendicular. On some of the little ponds there was skating on the 7th, and on some of the larger, the season will be inaugurated to-day, the 8th.

Billiard Celebrities.—As in almost every other calling or pursuit, the United States of America have given birth to more first class artists with the cue than any other country. Among the men may be enumerated Messrs. Phelan, Seereiter, Kavanagh, Foley, Tieman, Higham, Stone, Goldthwaite, Geary, Lynch, Benjamin, Estephe, Deery, Le Brun, Little, Lake, Fox, Chrystal, and many others whose names we cannot now call to mind, besides a whole host of first class amateur players, and of all these, most of them at some time or other have taken up their abode in New-York, well knowing that it is the place where science, art, and skill are most appreciated, and paid for. The last notable arrival in the billiard world, is young Goldthwaite, late Champion of Boston, and the hero of several first class matches. He has taken up his quarters with Boss Geary, of 22 Cortlandt street, where the how to keep the balls moving on scientific principles, will be daily illustrated by him. His advent among us is to be celebrated at No. 22, on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 10, when he will, in all probability, have sets-to with Kavanagh, Deery, Stone, and others. The display will be well worth seeing, and a "big thing" will be lost if you stay away, so make up your minds to be there.

Mace and King.—We have received from London two excellent photographs of Jem Mace and Tom King. We are having engravings made, copies of these photographs, and they will be published in next week's Clipper. These likenesses are accurate, and may be depended on.

How to Do It.—Gen. McClellan was removed because he did not advance on Richmond with sufficient speed. Gen. Burnside, who took his place, made a capital start, and it was given out that he was two days nearer to Richmond than the rebel army was; but owing to some "unforeseen obstacles," they have out-footed him, and Burnside is at a stand still. We presume the "fast" people at Washington—who are the very ones that prevent our army from advancing—will soon make Burnside walk the plank. In such a case, let us suggest that Superintendent Kennedy and his police be sent to Virginia to induce the rebels to "move on;" they have such a taking way, you know. Once the coast clear, let Gen. Fremont be appointed to lead the way to the rebel capitol. The radicals are working to give Fremont the command, and it is best to make it an easy thing for him if he is to lead on the boys.

We Take Exception.—In its morning issue of December 1st, the *Herald*, in a labored editorial, endeavors to fix it as a fact, that nearly all fighting politicians are pugilists. The popular phrase, "We don't see it," fits in here exactly. The names of Bill Poole, Yankee Sullivan, Pat Mathews, Paudeen, and Cosgrove, are cited as examples, which, it asserts, it can multiply. If it cannot, it will fall far short of proving what it set out to do, for with one exception, (Yankee Sullivan) none of them ever fought a prize fight, or were recognized as "in the ring."

The Late Tom Byrnes.—The last sad rites and funeral obsequies of Mr. Byrnes were held at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, on the 1st inst. A large concourse of friends gathered to witness the burial rites, among whom were gentlemen of all parties. The pall-bearers were John Van Buren, Elijah F. Purdy, W. P. Powers, James Coady, Ben. Ray, John Morrissey, William Miner, Tom O'Donnell, Thomas Burns, John Kelly, and John Fitzgerald. The body was interred in Calvary Cemetery.

"Invisible Green."—The reformed gambler, J. Green, has resigned his captaincy in the Thirty-fifth Indiana Regiment for the purpose of getting a better polish. Some years ago he published a paper in this city devoted to the exposure of the men and means employed to fleece strangers, and created quite a stir among the fraternity. We suppose it's all right. Where's Awful Gardner?

Turkey Club.—The annual ball of this club will be given at the Apollo Rooms, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 9th. Go and see the Turkeys.

Raffle for a Gun.—A fine double-barrel gun is to be raffled off at Harmer's, Broad and Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst. A few more chances left. See advertisement.

Back Number.—Any person having a copy of the Clipper for August 30, 1856, or the complete volume of that year for sale, can dispose of it advantageously by dropping a line to this office.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 8-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

A MERRY LITTLE AFFAIR IN CANADA.

BENNETT VS. COOK FOR $20.

A merry mill between two sporting lads of Brantford, C. W., took place on Dec. 1st, near that place. The prize money was only $20, although three times that amount changed hands. The opponents were Barney Cook and Johnny Bennett, each of whom has had some experience in the ring, the former having acted as second on different occasions, the latter usually as a principal. Before the fight commenced, 2 to 1 was freely offered on Johnny, and but few takers. After reaching the appointed place, the stakes and ropes were quickly arranged according to custom, and Barney, who was ably seconded by George Monteith, first put in an appearance, quickly followed by Johnny, who had for his man, Tom Reess, a well-known sport. Neither of the boys where in very good condition. Barney is naturally short and stout, while Johnny is rather too slim for the ring. John Glasco, having been chosen referee, the toss for corners and other matters got through, the men stepped into the ring for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. After shaking hands, Johnny led off with his right, but was nicely stopped by Barney, who planted his left on Johnny's nose, drawing blood, (first blood claimed for Barney, and allowed.) Some rattling exchanges now took place, Johnny striking very wild, Barney operating on him right and left, when they closed and fell, Barney under. Two to one offered on Barney, with no takers.

2 to 10. Johnny's left peeper was very near closed when they came to the scratch, Barney laughing and none the worse for wear. Barney had the advantage in all these rounds, forcing the fighting, and pummelling Johnny until he went down.

11. Johnny rallied, and delivered his left with good effect on the cheek, following it immediately by his right on the eye. Both down.

12. Both came up a little flushed. Barney at once planted one on Johnny's nose, and closing, threw him heavily. Seeing he had no chance, the sponge was then thrown up on behalf of Bennett, after a good game fight lasting 47 minutes.

There was very little betting, considering the number of persons present, for the reason that before the fight there were no takers for Barney, and during it, none for Johnny; something very extraordinary.

Better Luck Next Time.—Captain Michael Norton, or "Crow," who was up for Alderman last Tuesday, came in second best, John Henry heading him off by a few hundreds majority. Oh, well, it wasn't bad for a first attempt, we can assure you; next time he's up, look out for "great expectations." It's not customary for men to get on so high a horse at the start, and to that Crow's defeat may be attributed. Had the office been constable, Councilman, or such as that, he'd have walked right over the course. Yea, verily.

In a Muss.—Michael Henery, "Gallus Mike," got pretty roughly handled over in Brooklyn on election day—so did somebody else. If they go back on one another over the river, it's no wonder there's trouble when New-York boys go over, is it? Ask Johnny Roche.

Young Barney Aaron in the Field Again.—This clever little boxer is once more a free man. Barney Aaron's himself again! as King Dick said one time. He and Johnny Sweetman were lately in Cincinnati and had a joint ben. there—at least such are the rumors flying around town. We believe his friends in this city are willing to back him against any man in the country at 125 lbs, or thereabouts; as yet they have issued no regular challenge, although quite willing to do so if there's any possibility of "getting on." Let's hear all about it "before soon," if not sooner. Who's got the matter in hand?

Kinder Rough.—Harry Hill's place in Houston street, this week comes in for a column of letter-press, pictorially illustrated, in a criminal paper of this city. As usual with these fancy sketches, there's about as much truth brought to light as untruth. Who cares, any how? Wait till we give the Houston street sporting houses. There'll be quite a difference, no doubt, yet our purpose will be to set things down exactly as they occur, even though somebody's corns may suffer.

Thirty-nine Days Out and Not Home Yet.—We mentioned some time back that Dan Kerrigan was on his way from Liverpool to New-York, but up to the present writing nothing has been heard either of him or the vessel he is said to have shipped in. Thirty-nine days is a long time to cross the Atlantic—consequently forebodings are entertained for his safety. We hope these fears are groundless, for Dan is a very quiet, civil, honest, and well-behaved young fellow, greatly admired by all the sporting men. We don't remember ever hearing of his getting into any bar-room scrapes, or "using things" on people, since his name first appeared as an aspirant for fistic honors, which is a heap more than can be said of many of much greater pretensions.

Gone to France.—Kit Burns was so disgusted with the dullness of trade in certain parts of the Fourth Ward when he landed, after his recent trip to England, that he packed up his duds and put right back for Paris. Only think of Kit's turning frog-eater! The boys will have a good laugh over it, we'll bet. Sacre blew! Cuskygecoramijon! Can you translate that, old man?

Coming Down Town.—Major Domo Dave Hastings, of the Engineer Corps to the Eighth Regiment, is about opening a porter-house somewhere in Chambers street. He formerly kept on Sixth Avenue, Captain Kerrigan's old corner. We've seen some gay boys up there and Senator Dick Connolly is a sample of them. You should see the Major and Senator "going round the horn;" they can play a bit, and used to gobble up cigars by the hundred. Dave has done very well up town, considering the times; he will do much better down town, though, because his old friends can then drop in while going the rounds, or "boxing the compass," as the sailors say.

Chaw Roast Beef.—That *emeute* between Izzy Lazarus and Tom Smith created quite a stir among the old roosters, and considerable damning and blarsting besides. It's no use talkin', we're bound to have all the news somehow or other; *volens volens*. How queer it is that when a little fault is found with a man, he flares right up; but you might eulogize to the skies and never hear of it. Sich is life.

Our Soldier Visitors.—Last Tuesday we were favored with a call from Captain Philip Doherty ("Black Hawk"), and several members of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. V., or Irish Rifles. They looked like cast-iron men, every one of them. Being on a five days' furlough—the first play-days they've had since leaving for the war—they made our office their first place to visit. Captain Doherty spoke very highly of his men, and says that Shorty Wilson is now a sergeant, while Brockey Coady has got the proud, though hazardous, position of color-bearer. Yankee Nutter, Fred Coppers, and Jack Spencer, were "all there," safe and sound in wind and limb. The Captain is about being made Major of his regiment: this information came from one of the boys, not Phil. They seem to think there's no man like their own Captain, for which enthusiasm nobody can blame them. As the term of service of many of the regiments expires in May, we trust they may all get a chance to distinguish themselves between this and then, unless peace be proclaimed. The Army and Navy boys all have our best wishes, always have had, and always will have. Go in, and win.

On Frank Spinola's Staff.—Col. Jas. E. Kerrigan, ex-M. C., has received an appointment as aid-de-camp to Gen. Spinola.

BALL PLAY.

National Association of Base Ball Players.—The annual meeting of this association will be held on Wednesday, the 10th day of December next, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., in the lecture room of the Mercantile Library Association (Clinton Hall,) junction of Astor place and Eighth street, in the city of New York. Delegates will please file with the undersigned, before the time of meeting, their credentials, signed by the president and secretary of their club. J. Ross Postley, Recording Secretary,
November 10, 1862. 132 Nassau street, New York city. 32-4t

The Resolute Base Ball Club went to Newburgh on Thanksgiving day, and there engaged in a match with the Hudson River club of that town, the result being the success of the country boys by a score of 14 to 9. The following are the particulars:—

BATTING.

HUDSON RIVER.	H.L.	RUNS.
Adams, 1 f	4	1
Boyd, c	3	2
Miller, 2nd b	3	2
S Millspaugh, r f	2	1
Kelley, 3d b	4	1
Verplank, s s	3	2
Kina, c f	4	1
Mapes, p	2	2
Millspaugh, 1st b	2	2
Total	14	

RESOLUTE.	H.L.	RUNS.
Taylor, p	2	1
M Rogers, 1 f	4	0
Weeden, 2d b	3	0
A Rogers, c	4	1
McCutchen, s s	4	1
Storer, 1st b	4	1
Stanton, 3d b	2	3
Wilson, c f	2	1
Cowperthwait, r f	2	1
Total		9

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Hudson River	1	0	0	2	3	0	3	2	3—14
Resolute	1	1	0	0	2	2	0	2	1—9

Friendship, Jr. (of New York) vs Liberty, Jr. (of Brooklyn).—A match was played between these two junior clubs on Thanksgiving day, on the ground of the latter, at Bedford, L. I., which resulted in a complete victory for the Friendships by the following score:—

BATTING.

FRIENDSHIP.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Hays, 2d b	4	5	
Nally, 3d b	2	5	
McCann, 1 f	5	4	
Moore, c f	3	5	
Noonan, c	1	7	
King, s s	3	5	
Gormley, 1st b	1	7	
Conlon, p	4	3	
Total	41		

LIBERTY.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Dooley, c	4	0	
John McNevin, 1 f	1	1	
McCormack, 3d b	4	1	
Brady, s s	4	0	
Cox, 2d b	4	0	
James McNevin, c f	2	1	
Coles, r f	2	3	
Lee, p	1	3	
Fox, 1st b	2	0	
Total	11		

Umpire—Mr. C. Sage.
Scorer for Liberty—E. P. Alvord; for Friendship—J. Gibney.

REMARKS.

It was mainly through superior batting that the Friendships won the game, their batting throughout being of the heaviest description. They were also short one man, their catcher being absent. The Liberty's playing was not up to their usual mark. Lee, Coles, and McCormack doing most of the play. On the Friendship's side, the playing of Nally, Gormley, Conlon, King, and Noonan, was worthy of notice.

A VOICE FROM THE CORCORAN LEGION.

The Legion at Newport News—A Good Word for the First Fire Zouaves—A Glimpse of the Remains of the Cumberland—The Monitor, Galena, and Ironsides—Another Sporter.

Newport News, Va., Nov. 28, '62,
6th Reg't, Corcoran Legion.

Mr. Frank Queen—*Dear Sir:* I arrived here about two weeks ago, since which time I have tried to make camp life as merry as the most sanguine spirit could desire it to be. Our encampment is located on a level and beautiful piece of ground, about two or three hundred yards from the place where the guns of the Monitor and Merrimac startled the world by the sound of their scientific voices. We occupy the ground long held by the First Fire Zouaves, of your city, which regiment, by the way, was composed of as noble a party of men as our country has ever seen. The Monitor, the victor of the great contest of which I have spoken, lies in the Roads, about one hundred yards from the shore, and within fifty yards of that ill-fated but noble vessel, the Cumberland, of which nothing now is visible but a small portion of the bulwarks and the masts to the first yards, the upper part having been taken off within the past week. There are now lying opposite our camp, for what purpose I leave you to surmise, the iron clad steamers Monitor, Galena, and Ironsides; the latter being a war dog of the most formidable proportions. While rambling through the camp a short time ago, I came in contact with an old friend of mine and yours, Dean Wilson, of Buffalo, who is now connected with the 155th Regiment, N. Y. S. V., of which regiment he is first sergeant, with lovely prospects of wearing shoulder straps. While speaking of Dean, I may as well say that it is a "household word" among the members of the 155th regiment, that "no tyrannical officer can tie me to a tree while Dean Wilson is in the regiment."

I cannot say how long we may remain in our present position, but no matter to what part of the country we may go, you will hear from yours truly, in friendship, P. McCarthy.

Chess Tournament in Brooklyn.—A tournament by the members of the Brooklyn Chess Club has been in progress for some time, in which twelve players have contended for the honor of the Championship, and a first and second prize, the former being a set of Staunton chess men, and the latter a chess board. The honors, etc., seem to lie between Messrs. Perrin, Rice, and Chadwick, as will be seen by the following score, which gives the "*status in quo*" on Saturday evening, 6th inst.:—

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Rice	8	2	3
Chadwick	8	3	0
Raymond	6	5	3
Perrin	7	3	1
Lord	5	5	4
Badger	6	5	1
Peck	4	4	0
Thompson	4	6	1
Finley	4	6	0
Cooper	4	5	1
VanWagener	3	7	0
Baxter	2	8	0

A Wrestling Match for $100 a Side, between Frank Clark and John Hurley, took place at the house of Hen. Wilson, in Houston street, on the 4th inst. The conditions of the match were, that Hurley was to throw Clark, five times out of six—great odds; but this he failed to do, and lost his money, Clark having floored his man in the very first two rounds, much to the disappointment of his antagonist and his friends, who bargained on a "sure thing." Both men are regarded as excellent wrestlers, but are not Professors of the "crooked art," at least Clark puts forth no claim to such a distinction, whatever the vanquished Hurley may do. As Judges, Wm. Welch and Jas. Bowers officiated, while Jim Conway acted as referee.

That Racing Challenge.—Mat Cassidy Accepts.—In reply to Young Gildersleeve, we have been handed the following for publication: "Editor Clipper:—Sir:—In answer to Gildersleeve's challenge, I beg to say that the real champion of this city is now away, doing honor to his country on the battle field, but I will accept, and will run him from one to ten miles for any amount over $200 he wishes to put up. Man and money ready at William Larkin's, Old Star House, 23d street and 3d Ave.
Yours, etc., Matthew Cassidy.

Rushing Things.—On Wednesday, Nov. 20, a shooting match took place at Denver City, Col. Ter., between M. L. Rood of Denver, and C. Gove, of Council Bluffs; distance 200 yards, and $50 a side, in which Rood took the palm. On Thursday, the same distance and amount, in which Gove won. On Friday, the same distance and $100 a side, which Gove won; and a second match the same day, which Gove also won. Another match will come off in about ten days at the same place for $50 a side, and the same distance.

The Trigger.—A pigeon shoot for a ten dollar bill, came off at Dundas, C. W., on the 23d ult., between two young men named David Bicknell and Frederick Hubbin, at six birds each. Bicknell won, killing all but his third bird, while Hubbin missed his third and fifth.

Chanticleer Set-to.—On Oct. 25th, a set-to took place at Junction Bar, Cal., for $25 a side, a bantam rooster named Young America, and a shanghai named Nova Scotia, being the belligerents. Young America gave his opponent the quietus in 20 minutes.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 279.

DRAMATIC.

Among those likely to be in the new company for Mr. Barnum's new theatre in Boston, are Miss Annie Senter, Mrs. Eliza Place, Harry Langdon, Harry Chapman, and Mr. and Mrs. John Flood. The opening will probably be on the 15th inst.

Mr. Eddy's Hartford engagement is postponed on account of lengthened engagements elsewhere.

It is said that Mr. Forrest's performances in Boston are to be limited to two weeks.

Manager Hampton had the whole of the receipts of the 2d inst. stolen from him at his Hartford Theatre, and the police have not been able to trace it up, although several parties have been arrested.

Mr. Booth's houses at the Boston Theatre, last week, are reported to have averaged $800.

Miss Mary Provost succeeds Mrs. Waller at the Academy, Providence, R. I., opening this evening, 8th inst.

Mr. Wm. A. Houpt, of Boston, has it in contemplation to make his *debut* upon the public stage sometime during the present season. Mr. Houpt is of the Mestayer family.

The Laura Keene combination will probably follow the Bateman party at the Howard, Boston.

Miss J. M Davenport, by which name she is known in theatrical circles, the widow of the late Gen. F. W. Lander, has been tendered the position of Lady Superintendent of the Hospitals of the Department of the South, which she has accepted, and will soon enter upon the duties.

MUSIC HALLS.

J. S. Maffitt and W. H. Bartholomew were performing for Manager Smythe, at Trimble's Varieties, at Pittsburgh, Pa., last week. We understand that Mr. Smythe paid these two capital performers $175 for six nights. This is somewhat of a salary for the Smoky City. At the conclusion of Mr. Maffitt's engagement, Harry Leslie, the pantomimist and ropewalker, walks in at the Varieties. Manager Smythe seems determined to wake up the Pittsburgh boys this time with a regular *ballet corps*, as well as other attractions.

Kathleen O'Neil, who is one of the great attractions at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, returns to the Varieties, Pittsburgh, in January, for four weeks, for which engagement Mr. Smythe is to pay her $100 per week. It will take a pile of currency notes to pay for the Irish Nightingale's notes at such rates, won't it?

A grand Christmas pantomime is in preparation at the Varieties, Pittsburgh. The effects, transformations, etc., are under the immediate direction of Mr. Osmond Foster, son of the "Governor," who got up the "Spirit of the Flood," at Nixon's. The cast will be as follows:—Harlequin, Harry Leslie; Pantaloon, R. S. Raymond; Columbine, Mlle. Marie; Clown, W. C. Smythe.

On the occasion of Mr. Fitzpatrick's benefit at the Albany Gayety, on the 28th ult., he was presented with a handsome breastpin and ring, by Mr. Campbell, on behalf of the beneficiarie's friends. The company now at the Gayety comprise Miss Kate Walters, Poney Smith, Charley Kane, Misses Jennie Johnson, and Stella; J. Trewalla, C. Trewalla, T. Pennington, and Jas. Campbell.

The music halls of Philadelphia are doing pretty well, just now, as may be seen by perusing the following items, forwarded by our correspondent "Wattie Rusher," on the 4th inst.:—"Taxes, governmental, or 'any other man's,' seem to cause a rise, rather than a depression in the concert business. We flow on 'geloriously' to the good time coming. Hallelujero, Hallelujerum. At the Casino, Manager Fox is constantly giving us new attractions. Miss H. O. Lalande, the principal attraction of Frank Rivers' troupe, has left him at last, and commences at the Casino on the 8th. Miss L. will be hailed with joy, for she is an immense favorite in this city. It is rumored that Miss Ernestine de Faiber will appear for a three months' 'engage' on the same evening, and Galetti and Velarde will return on the 15th. Kathleen O'Neil is the same favorite here that she is everywhere. W. N. Smith, the stage manager, is a clever performer in negro eccentricities. Mr. B. Yates is ballet master. M'lle Zoe, but four months on the stage, already ranks high in the dancing *role*. Let me say a word about the superior orchestra at the Casino. Without exception it is the best in the city; that is saying much, but 'tis so. Go and hear them, and judge for yourselves. Mr. E. Perry, and Thos. Deverell are the latest additions. Mr. Ward is a young and dashing gymnast, and will become an honor to his profession. Miss McCormack, a beautiful *danseuse*, is also here. Fox has an enormous company, but is after more people......At the Continental, we have many changes to note. Grace de King, Susie Hamblin, and Miss Miller left last week, and went to Ford's, in Washington. Harry Leslie, who has been performing with success, has gone to Pittsburgh. Miss De Faiber has gone to Fox's. C. McMillan, the stage manager, has left also. Rumor takes him to another hall in this city; how are you, little Mac? The Rollande Brothers began here on the 3d. Mr. Wolf has made in these gentlemen a capital selection. A com. ben. was given to the unfortunate Mr. Fleming last week. M'lle Helene, one of the best *danseuses* in this country, is young and beautiful, and a brilliant future is in store for her......The houses at the Melodeon have not been as good as usual, but it is to be hoped that they will pick up the next week. Their company is good, but the orchestra is very poor. Tony Pastor is still here. Charley Gardner and a number of the company leave next week......Lathe Bradford opens the Olympic on Monday next, 9th, with a large company, among whom, at present engaged, are Charley Gardner, Amelia Wells, Bob Butler, Julia Hamilton, Ed Wray, Bill Bloomer, and Lizzie Lagrange. I would not wonder if J. E. McDonough has a hand in the management. Lathe is a whole team, and a 'hoss' over. .....At the Canterbury we have a large company, full grown and fledged. Bob Gardner and Harry Enochs, proprietors, Billy Boyd and Billy Wright, in connection with Harry, are side splitters, niggeristically speaking. C. Kendal, Mary Newlin, Tilly Price, Carrie Carson, and Johnny Wilds, are in the company. Professor Fredericks leads the orchestra. I saw none but the niggers in my late visit, but will speak more of the others in future. And now, Frank, allow me to make a suggestion to the various performers. Why do our comic and other singers make unfavorable allusions to the government, and endeavor to find fault with their operations. No matter what may be the opinions of a few, there are always some in an audience who do not care to hear such things."

The Melodeon, St. Louis, is still prospering, with a good company and good business too. That wonderful Gibbonnaise, "The Boneless Man," is now performing there, and Miss Nellie Clifford is also one of the company. "Bob Chad," or rather J. V. Chaddock, is "there or thereabouts," and that is as much as to say that one magic bow is wielded at the Melodeon.

Esher now has hope that the Bowery, St. Louis, will be in a condition to open on the 8th inst., that is, if workmen do not disappoint him. When open, "Seneca" will send us a description of the place.

Novelty is the order of the night at the St. Louis Varieties, and during the present week there is an entire change of programme from that just past. Mr. Wm. R. Derr retires from the company after a most successful engagement of three months, during which, under his auspices, a number of horse pieces have been brought out, in which Deagle's beautiful trained horse "Don Juan" has been a feature. For some weeks to come there will be a succession of melodramatic and spectacular pieces, with a grand pantomime for the Christmas holidays, in which due attention will be paid to all the effects that can be produced by tricks, traps, and transformations, gorgeous scenery, (by Tom Noxon) costumes, and properties. Deagle has acquired a reputation for liberality in stage expenditures which he seems determined to maintain, and well he may, in view of the splendid success his theatre is meeting with. This week will see the production of the long talked of "Zoranda," a French melodrama, altered and adapted to the American stage by Mr. Ed. Berry, stage manager of the Varieties. It is expected this piece will draw largely, as it is full of startling incidents, and decidedly of the sensational style. The ballet pantomime of "Satanella" is, with the many other good things offered there, filling the Varieties nightly. Sophie Walton appears at the Varieties on the 8th inst.

L. Bradford, late treasurer of the Melodeon, Philadelphia, is to open the Olympic, in that city, this week. He is said to be an enterprising young man, and deserving of encouragement.

Canterbury Hall, under the management of Geo. Percival & Co., is one of the most prominent places of public resort in Washington, D. C. Among the late engagements is that made with the great dancers, M'lle Galetti and Mons. Velarde. They are immense cards, and never fail to enhance the attractions of an entertainment. Miss Julia Mortimer, ballad singer, is another capital card, as is also Miss Kate Pennoyer, *danseuse*. Last week's programme was a big one; and, in addition to those already mentioned, included the names of Misses Nellie Taylor, Tilly Forbes, Lillie Brandon, Annie Harrison; Messrs. Willis Armstrong, Billy Emerson, Lew Simmons, Bob Hart, H. Mortimer, W. Emerson, S. Clarke, etc. Mr. Percival is a real go-ahead manager, and strives to give a pleasing entertainment, and to make his establishment worthy of the patronage of the residents of and visitors to Washington.

"4-11-44," or "A Row in the Policy Shop," was produced at the Gayety, Albany, last week. It was written by Mr. James Campbell.

Gus Shaw's address is inquired for by his friends in this city. If any of the profession know his whereabouts they will please drop a line to this office. He generally performs at concert halls as a comic singer.

The Gaieties Concert Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., has "busted up," and its proprietor, Edwards, has been convicted of keeping a "disorderly house," at the instigation of some of the "respectable" portion of the place. We hope his friends will succeed in procuring a pardon, and they are sparing no effort towards that object.

Tom Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo, has one of the best companies ever got together so far north. He has a male and female minstrel troupe, wherein appears the Misses Nellie Huntley, Louisa Birch, Emma Ross, Billy Allen, Matt Thompson, Sam Cole, and a number of others. Miss Eva Brent, the dark-eyed brunette, sang unusually sweet at her farewell benefit on the 21st ult., and Leon Scholinskie's invisible wire feat, or "feet," if you prefer it, disappeared on the 22d. "Lucifer's Frolics" (arranged by J. N. Carr, the latest spectacular piece,) and "Dinah's Wedding" are the dramatic pieces, with "Jocko" in rehearsal. Mr. Carr is said to raise the devil as Lucifer. The favorite double-voiced singer, Dora Dawron is engaged, and will shortly appear. The manager is determined no other estab. shall X-C-D Carr's Melodeon—a good determination that. The 3 Carrs think they can do it.

Frank Rivers' Melodeon troupe commenced a six nights' engagement, on December 1st, at the Atheneum, Columbus, Ohio.

Houses much above the average. The Rivers' Minstrels have Charley Reynolds, Harry Pell, Lee Powell, Stone, Mudge, etc. Miss Mountjoy is the female danseuse: when she mounts the stage there's no lack of o-be-joyfulness.

Our Music Hall friends are not going to permit the drama to monopolise business in Norfolk, Va., as will be seen by an advertisement in this department. Messrs. Bob Hart and J. M. Odell have secured a lease of the house recently known as Johnson's Hall, in Norfolk, which they now call the "Norfolk Melodeon." Mr. Hart has been looking up people during the past week, and he has got together a very good company, as a list of the names will show:—Miss Agnes Sutherland, Miss Clara Berger, Miss Francis LeRoy, Miss Emma Whiting, Miss Bertha Whiting, M'lle. Jennie, M'lle. Ella, Miss Hattie French, Miss Josephine Buell; Messrs. Bob Hart, Lew Simmons, Sam Ryan, Pic Butler, Johnny Pierce, Willis Armstrong, Geo. R. DeLouis, Mike McKenna, and Harry Mortimer. Here is a capital team for a start—and we promise our Norfolk friends an excellent entertainment. Messrs. Hart & Odell intend to extend their operations, and will soon open a hall in Suffolk, Va., to be known as the "Suffolk Va. rieties." Thus we go. It is much better to amuse the people than to fight them. More friends are made in this way, and all classes fraternise the more cheerfully. Give the people cheap amusements, and thereby drive away dull care.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

George Christy's Minstrels were announced at New Haven, Conn., on the 5th and 6th inst.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels and Brass Band are to enliven New Haven, Conn., on the 10th and 11th inst. They are to give their performances in Brewster's Hall. Sam will give the Connecticutters a rich treat in the way of negro eccentricities.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels are giving a very good entertainment in Philadelphia, and are doing a corresponding trade in the currency line. Charley Gibbons, their clog dancer, is the son of a lady formerly connected with the Arch Street Theatre; he dances very well.

Mike McKenna, Mickey Warren, and Charley Cannon, have been dancing "trial jigs," at the Continental, Philadelphia. Considering that Cannon is a non-professional, his dancing went off well, and we give this Cannon the benefit of a good report.

If our amusement-loving people have not yet quite penetrated as far into South Carolina as Charleston, they give evidence of having an eye in that direction; and if the professionals are not ready to open at the first opportunity, our amateurs are, as may be seen by the following programme, forwarded by a correspondent on board the U. S. ship Wabash. The boys celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Port Royal in appropriate style. How different the programme to that enacted one year ago. Here it is:—

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PORT ROYAL.
THE WABASH MINSTRELS
WILL GIVE THEIR
FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT
ON BOARD THE
U. S. Flag Ship Wabash, Port Royal Harbor, S. C.
On Friday evening, Nov. 7th, 1862.
PROGRAMME.

PROLOGUE............Burr.

PART I.

Overture	Full Band.
Opening Chorus	Company.
Annie Vale	Collins.
Down the River	McLindon.
Silver Shining Moon	Connell.
Shucking of the Corn	McCanless.
Bonnie Eloise	Carpenter.
Port Royal	Walthall.

PART II.

Bob Ridley	Connell.
Woman's Rights	McCanless.
Dance (Jig)	Devlin.
Fancy Dance	Walthall.
Essence of Old Virginia	Lenahan.

THE WHOLE TO CONCLUDE WITH
"THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD,"
In which the Justly Celebrated
AFRICAN ACROBATS,
Will perform some of their most Daring and Wonderful Feats.
Characters by......McCanless, Connell, Walthall and Carpenter.
PROLOGUE.
COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION BY C. F. M.

Officers, shipmates, and all our Wabash friends,
Grant us your kind forbearance, on that our hope depends;
We'll do our best to please you, trusting that we are right,
And celebrate our victory, with joyous songs to-night.
In the grand performance given here, one year ago to-day,
A score of gunboats played their parts, the Wabash led the way.
In that performance, comrades brave, you each one took a part,
And played a splendid drama, that thrilled a nation's heart.
The instruments then played upon, you see them all around,
The Rebels were the audience, but did not like the sound.
The opening chorus startled them; they did not cry encore,
And when the second part came on, they cared to hear no more.
We gave them songs from Iron Mouths, our notes were shot and shell,
(The Managers stood on the bridge,—our country knows *them* well.)
And when our notes burst in their midst, they did not like the play,
Nor stayed to hear the concert out, but quickly ran away.
We hope you'll be more patient, we'll not detain you long,
And if we please our friends to-night, you oft shall hear our song.

U. S. Flag Ship Wabash,
Port Royal, S. C., November 7, 1862.

By way of California we gather some details concerning the wrecking of a minstrel party bound for the Cape of Good Hope, mentioned in the Clipper a few weeks ago. It seems that some twelve months since, Mr. D. F. Boley, well known to old San Francisco theatre-goers, organized the "Boley Minstrels," and left Australia on a professional visit to the Mauritius Islands. After a not very successful engagement, they embarked for the Cape of Good Hope, but were wrecked off Cape St. Mary. Mr. Boley, Mrs. Boley, and the children were lost, *as was the entire troupe*, a Mr. Robson being the only one saved from drowning; at last accounts he was lying at the point of death from a fever contracted by exposure. D. F. Boley will be remembered as one of the original Backus Minstrels. He was a fine banjoist, and his deep sonorous bass voice will be recollected with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure by the habitues of that old place of amusement—San Francisco Hall. In 1855, Boley, in company with Backus, Burbank and others, re-organized the Backus Minstrels (the remainder of the troupe, with a portion of Christy's, remaining at the Hall, under the title of the San Francisco Minstrels), and made a trip to Australia. The others returned after a time, but Boley, it was said, married a wealthy lady, and settled down. Since then we have not heard from him until receiving the melancholy intelligence of his death. The memory of poor Dan Boley will be cherished by his brother professionals, as well as by all old Californians.

Notwithstanding a stormy night, Sam Sharpley's Minstrels opened in Springfield to $147. They were in Hartford on the 6th, and remain there the 8th, and then to New Haven. How *are* you, Iron-clads?"

The opera house of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge, in Boston, is not large enough to accommodate the crowds that nightly seek admittance. This great band of minstrels are more popular just now than ever, while their entertainments take a wider range. Japanese Tommy is one of their cards. A magnificent pantomime is now in rehearsal for the holidays, with new scenery, tricks, changes, and wardrobe. This is the last week of Scipio, the Monkey."

Charley Backus took a farewell benefit at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on the 14th of Nov., previous to his departure for China.

In spite of the hard times and postal currency, several young sports in Auburn, N. Y., have organized a band of minstrels styled "West & Berger's Union Serenaders," with the intention of starring it through the country towns in the western part of the State. Make or break is their motto, and the boys say they may as well die for a sheep as a lamb. Take care you don't "get your mutton cooked" before you are ready for it. West, Berger, Nobles, and Baker, are the principal features, the two former doing the end business; Nobles, clog and jig specimens; and Baker doing the ballads and middle part.

Lee & Toel's Minstrels opened to a crowded house at Washington Hall, Williamsburg, on Thanksgiving afternoon and evening, They open at Astoria on the 10th, and then at Washington Hall, Harlem, on the 16th.

CIRCUSES.

Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus arrived at Bahia on the 28th of September, after a passage of sixteen days from Rio, as we are informed by a private letter now before us. We are sorry to learn that the beautiful mare Luly, that Frank Barry rode without pad, while the concern was at the old Bowery, was lost on the passage. Luly was one of the best ring horses in this country. The Tournaire boys were left at Rio, Ferdinand being sick with the small pox, and his brother remaining to take care of him. When last heard from they were getting along finely, and were expected to arrive at Bahia by the next steamer. Mr. Noble and wife left the company at Rio, and were probably off on some private expedition. No performance had yet been given in Bahia, although one week had elapsed since the arrival of the troupe. It was discovered, after they were supposed to be ready to open, and all the seats had been sold, that the best horses were so stiff, from the effects of the voyage from Rio, as to be unable to run. However, the opening night was fixed, and probably a performance was given early in October. Up to that time the concern had performed in but two places, Pernambuco and Rio, and yet we are assured that the profits had already reached upwards of $40,000. Miss Kate Ormond, a little rider whom we have repeatedly noticed favorably in the Clipper, created quite a sensation in Rio, and has been the recipient of many costly presents, including diamond ear-rings, finger-rings, pearl necklace, breastpin, feather fans, etc. Katy has much improved since her arrival in the Brazils, and from the manner in which the "caballeros" of that country bestow their courtesies and presents upon the little equestrienne, we presume she must have attained to lovely woman's fair proportions, and will no longer be known as Little Kate Ormond.

The Delevante Brothers, whose capital performances on the double trapeze are one of the great features of Gardner & Hemmings' Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, have it in contemplation to leave shortly for California. They are very clever in the business, and we shall be glad to hear of their success wherever they may go.

A sort of acrobatic and gymnastic show took place at Doolittle Hall, Oswego, N. Y., on Thanksgiving Day. The performers were the Whettony Brothers, Jas. Augustus Kenny, and a juvenile named Lathrop. The trapeze, horizontal bar, and other feats, were well done, and pleased the Oswego *dilletanti* much better than an Italian opera troupe could have done. Mons. Whettony, in his light and heavy balancing, created quite a sensation. He commenced by balancing a straw, and ended with a pole 16 feet in length, with a chair on the end of it, and a boy weighing 75 lbs. seated in the chair. He fetched the Oswegoans with a long pole.

Dr. J. L. Thayer joins Hemmings & Gardner's Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, this evening, 8th inst.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We move, although gradually. Amusements are working their way into old "Virginny never tire;" and all along the line. From Frederick City we hear that a troupe is performing at Junior Hall, the two most prominent names in connection with the party being Mr. Shelby and Miss Ettie Palmer. Miss Palmer is mentioned as being a very graceful dancer. On Thanksgiving night, in addition to the regular performances, Mr. Shelby gave a ball, and the gay and festive scene was enlivened by the presence of many a "gay and festive cuss," as Artemas Ward irreverently calls our lively friends. On Friday evening, Nov. 28, Miss Palmer had a benefit, and a good house was the result. In fact, our correspondent states that good business is done nightly. There are quite a number of soldiers in Frederick, some sick, some lively eaters, and a good many tainted with secesh proclivities.

Speaking of Artemas Ward, reminds us of his once popular newspaper sketches. Has the worthy showman discontinued them, or are they "wasted on the desert air" for want of free circulation? Say, Arty, what about 'em?

The Old Folks, under the kind parentage of Father Kemp, tarried in Connecticut last week, showing at Bridgeport on the 1st and 2d, and at Derby on the 3d and 4th. These "good old souls" ate their thanksgiving turkey with becoming gravity, and sang all the more heartily for the substantial food with which they had re-freshened their decaying systems. They are still "marching on."

Gottschalk, the pianist, and the charming Carlotta Patti, gave one of their concerts at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 29th ult., assisted by Mr. S. Behrens, musical director and conductor: A correspondent, Wilson, thus speaks of the hall, and the concert:—"Corinthian Hall—where the concert was given—is one of the finest concert rooms in the country. It is large, well ventilated, and constructed with special reference to the science of acoustics, and will comfortably seat about 1,500 people. It is finished with an ornate style of magnificence rarely surpassed......This concert was attended by a very large and aristocratic audience. Gottschalk fully sustained his great reputation as a pianist and composer, and was repeatedly encored, eliciting the most intense enthusiasm. Patti was in good voice, and trilled her dainty notes in a manner that called forth a perfect furore of plaudits. Her celebrated French laughing song, "Di Groja Insolata," and the "Shadow Song," were the gems of the evening. This is Patti's last appearance here before going to Europe......Gottschalk and Patti are always well received here, and draw large, refined, and highly appreciative audiences."

Mrs. W. B. English's Ravel Troupe closed their season at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Monday evening, Dec. 1st, with a complimentary benefit to the Manageress, under the patronage of Lieutenant General Sir Edward Fenwick Williams, Baronet of Kars, and Commander of Her Majesty's Forces in British North America. Their tour so far in the Canadas, under the agency of Mr. W. W. Pratt, has been successful. They were to have opened in Ottawa, Canada West, on Thursday evening, Dec. 4.

A company of home talent played recently at Syracuse, N. Y., for the benefit of the soldiers. The receipts for two nights were $300.

There are two "Elocution Classes" in Binghamton, N. Y., one being connected with Prof. D. C. Vosburg's school. It is for instruction in elocution, but nothing of a dramatic character is introduced. The other is the "Original Dramatic Elocution Class," which has been under way nearly three years. Prof. V. has nothing to do with this class.

To lecturers, dramatic companies, and managers of all descriptions of amusement, Corinthian Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., is now said to possess advantages which make it one of the best in the country. Many valuable improvements have recently been made; among them an additional entrance in the rear of the hall, new seats, etc., etc. It is 64 feet in width, and 110 feet in length, and capable of seating from 1200 to 1500 persons. The stage is furnished with all the scenery requisite for operas, tableaux, minstrelsy, and other exhibitions. Our friends can make easy arrangements by calling upon or addressing the agent, Mr. Charles R. Wright. See advertisement in this department.

The Martinetti Troupe were lately shipwrecked between Callao and Valparaiso, and had a narrow escape with their lives. They lost all their baggage, and were five days on a desert island.

Prof. Greimer still blows (glass) at the Zoological Gardens, St. Louis, which place seems to thrive.

D. C. Larue still continues to exhibit Du Flocq's Holy Land at the new Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. John W. Whiston, the Humorist, is attached to this exhibition, and entertains the audience, previous to the moving of the painting, with his humorous representations of human nature.

The eminent pianist and composer, L. M. Gottschalk, was to have showed at Naughton Hall, Columbus, O., on the 6th inst., in a grand concert. Negotiations are also under way to induce Carlotta Patti to appear in opera jointly with Mr. Gottschalk.

Brother Greeley, the classic, golden haired Horace, gave an interesting lecture on "Self-made Men," at the Manchester (N. H.) Lyceum, Nov. 26, introducing an analysis of Ben Franklin, Daniel Boone, Robert Burns, and Shakespeare. Mr. Greeley's analizations may be correct sometimes, but are not always safe to bet on. He spent his Thanksgiving at Londonderry (not in Ireland). Vell, yot of it.

Gottschalk and Carlotta Patti were at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 2d and 3d inst.

Frank Rivers had a very good week of it in Cleveland. Frank again advertised Add Weaver and Master Barney, but they didn't appear, and the people thought it was all a "Barney." Such things are "very unwrong," and, like the rebellion, should be abolished.

A big show for the little ones is preparing in Philadelphia. George Sheldon, in connection with Mr. Hood, is making arrangements for a grand floral festival at the Academy of Music. There will be two hundred children introduced in the fairy spectacle of "Cinderella," to be produced during the coming holidays.

A Juvenile Concert, by sixty children, under the direction of Mrs. A. Grippen, took place at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 5th inst. The following artists volunteered:—J. S. Black, J. S. Rainor, and the "Flour City Harmonists."

Park Benjamin is announced to read a patriotic and humorous poem, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 8th inst. The subject upon which this patriotic *and* humorous poem is founded is "The War." We don't believe the soldiers look upon it as very humorous. The reading is for the benefit of the Rochester Light Guard. We hope the Light Guard may have a heavy balance to take home.

Profs. A. J. Warner and Julius S. Munson give a juvenile concert on the 9th, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y, Two hundred Sabbath School children are to take part.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

The following London dramatic items are furnished by one of our correspondents in that lively city:—"Mrs. Bowers is to be one of the leading members of Falconer's company at Drury Lane......Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul performed for J. W. Anson's benefit at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on the 20th of November. The house was crowded......Among the "conspicuous people" on Regent street, Mr. Collins, the Irish comedian, is one of the observed of all observers. His hat is still on the side of his head, and his cane is a prominent companion of his strolling. There is a story going about town, that Collins applied to the great Dion to write him another "Colleen Bawn." "Certainly," said Boucicault. "What are the terms?" asked Collins. "Twenty-five thousand pounds, and the money down!" exclaimed Dion. It is needless to add that a bargain was not struck. Collins turned on his heel, and thinks that Dion was "coding him," as they say in Dublin......Mr. Harold Power, a son of the lamented Tyrone Power, *debuts* as an "Entertainer" next month. He is a smart-looking fellow, of something over thirty, sings comic songs well, and in society is known as a rattling, jolly *renconteur*. Whether he can carry his vivacity on to the stage, remains to be seen......The Alhambra is now one of the most fashionable of the London Music Halls, and it is conducted with great tact and spirit by Mr. Wilde and Mr. Charles Wilde, his efficient managerial aid-de-camp. A constant succession of novelties is kept up in every department, and it is now a well established fact that if you want to see the most marvellous gymnastic feats, or hear the best vocal music of the day, one must go to the Alhambra. Independently of this speciality, the place is so elegant, spacious, and brilliant, the administration altogether so excellent, that it is no wonder it has taken the lead of all similar entertainments. Herr Hepner, a clever German gentleman, has introduced a novel sort of dance at the Alhambra. He appears first as a dwarf, and as the dance proceeds he elongates, and finally finishes the last bar of music, having extended to a gigantic size. It is done by the aid of some sort of little machinery......H. J. Byron and Wm. Brough are writing the principal Christmas pieces for the London theatres......Mr. George Jordan, Mr. George Jamison, and Mr. Collins, are all in London, and at present disengaged."

On the 24th of November Mr. Sothern had reached the 28gth night of his performance of Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin," at the Haymarket, London.

"The Triple Alliance" is the name of a new French drama now being performed in London. If it don't work any better than Napoleon's proposed "triple alliance," there won't be much money in it.

Mr. Falconer's "Peep O'Day" reached its 321st representation, at the Lyceum, London, on the 24th of November. Talk about long runs after that. It is said to be the longest uninterrupted run on record.

G. V. Brooke was still at the City of London Theatre.

"The Black Doctor," in which a white lady marries her black servant, was being repeated, "by request," at one of the London theatres. *Here* they wouldn't tolerate such stuff; there they like it. No accounting for tastes, though, now-a-days.

M. Blondin was performing in St. James' Hall, London. He is beginning to walk himself out, the attendance at his exhibitions being quite small to what it once was.

The "Wondrous Leotard" has been the innocent cause of a law-suit in London. It appears that Leotard, who was under engagement to Mr. Wilde, of the Alhambra, was "let out" to another party, by an agent, Mr. Van Hare, for and on behalf of Mr. Wilde. Leotard performed under this engagement for sixteen nights, the receipts being in all £498 10s., and the agent sued to recover 10 per cent. on the gross receipts. The jury thought his services were not worth the amount, and awarded him fifteen guineas instead of £50. It appeared by the evidence that Leotard received $1,000 per week for performing at the Alhambra, and when he appeared at other places, in addition to performing at the Alhambra, he received $100 per night more.

John Brougham was in Birmingham, at last accounts, playing in the Royal Music Hall Operetta House. His "Playing With Fire" had brought to his old stocking many a "ten pun ten."

A dramatic version of Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" is being played in England. It is called the "Demon's Treasure." As in the opera, the "Shadow Dance" is one of the "features."

Brookhouse Bowler, who appeared here a year or two ago, in English opera, is now the tenor of a troupe performing in the British provinces. He seems to be a better Bowler in England than he was here.

Ettie Henderson was playing at the Theatre Royal, Devenport. The lady's talents were well spoken of, but her performances were not largely attended.

Christy's Minstrels (Montague's) will shortly resume their entertainments in London.

"Dundreary's Brother Sam" is one of the popular songs of the day in London. Sothern's caricature has set 'em crazy over there.

The "Age of Paper" is another new song by Howard Paul. Some one might get out one in this country called the "Price of Paper." Wouldn't that be high?

In the Female Christy's in England, the "Black Swan" and "Madame Juba" do the dancing. Go in, gals; nothing like leather and prunella.

Thiodon, who used to have the Theatre of Arts here, is exhibiting a "Mirror of America," in Birmingham. We presume he has not got the thing complete, for he advertises for "two first-class Niggers." How would it do for Uncle Abraham to make a Nigger colony out of Great Britain? Think it over, Abe; in the meantime let neighbor Greeley select "two first-class Niggers" for Thiodon's show.

J. H. Ogden was up for "two turns" each night in London.

Sam Redden and Joe Daniels, "American jesters," etc., were last in London; but for the life of us we can't think of anything to remind us that they were ever in America. "Nix fush stay."

There is a tambourinist in England who plays ten tambourines at one time. His name is Herr Rosencrantz, with a t, and no relation to our General.

J. H. Farrenburg has associated himself with Johnny Duley, and Little Bob, of the Rumsey & Newcomb party, and the trio are advertised to be let after the 26th inst. We trust they may not be let alone, but as a whole. Duley is now called Professor Duley. Go away, now.

Mr. Wardle Corbyn is doing Miss Emma Stanley's business in England, as his son Sherry did in this country.

Among the contributors to the fund for the benefit of Miss Selina Young, the Female Blondin, whose fall from a rope inflicted such injuries as to prevent her from again performing, are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

On the occasion of the recent opening of the New Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, the "American Cousin" was performed, and Mr. Loder led the orchestra.

Mr. Joe Jefferson had completed a most successful engagement of 150 nights in Melbourne, and had gone to Ballaarat.

Barry Sullivan was about to leave Melbourne for Sydney, and Lyster's opera troupe would appear at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on the 13th October.

Miss Gougenheim was doing "Peg Woffington" at Ballaarat.

Married, on the 18th inst., in the Parish Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, M. Fernand Strauss, B.A., Dramatic author of Paris, and late manager of the French plays at the Theatre Royal, St. James's, to Miss Jennie Hicks, the youngest daughter of the late John Hicks, Esq., London.

Miss Helen Western terminated her engagement at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, on the 22d ult. She appeared on the 15th Nov. as Narramattah, in the "Wept-of-the-Wish-ton-Wish." Miss Helen was well received, and frequently applauded.

They have another infant prodigy in England called the "Little Wonder," right name, Master Percy Roselle. He was performing at the Theatre Royal, Worcester, but not very successfully. These dramatic youngsters in "swaddling clothes" seldom create a lasting impression.

A shocking death occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Fulham, near London, on the 10th Nov., by the dress of a Mrs. Anna Maria Leaver taking fire accidentally. Deceased and her daughter, both Americans, were on a visit to the family; but Mr. and Mrs. Mathews were just then absent from town on their engagements. Notwithstanding the best attentions from all in the household, the sufferer lived but a few hours after the accident. Her age was about forty years.

At the Imperial Opera, Vienna, a distinguished and favorite vocalist, Herr Holzel, was recently dismissed for "breach of discipline." What would some of those airy individuals at what we call "our" Italian Opera say on being reminded that there is such a thing as discipline?

Verdi's new opera "La Forza del Destino," was produced at St. Petersburgh on the 10th November. Tamberlik, with Mesdames Barbot and Nantier Didiee, are in the cast. Verdi has been paid about £3,200 for the music.

A lady correspondent—one who is not afraid to speak well of another lady artist—sends us the following model of a letter. We wish all our correspondents would write as clearly on the news principle as this lady, "E. H.," who is a very promising young actress, and seeking fame—no objection to a little fortune—in England:—Southampton, Oct. 28, 1862.—Sothern still continues to be the reigning God in London, and photographs of Dundreary stare at you from every shop window in all his positions as "represented at the Haymarket." Boucicault is running both "Colleen Bawn" and "Jessie Brown," and will continue to, till he assumes the management of Astley's. Mrs. George Jordan has "seceded" from Boucicault's; also Mrs. Hough. Geo. Jordan is at present idle. Avonia Jones is still at the Adelphi playing Miami with moderate success. I had the pleasure of witnessing the performance, and was well pleased with her. But I prefer her in the classic plays, such as Medea; this character she plays finely, as also Adrienne, with which I was delighted. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is brought out at the Marylebone next Saturday, with Miss Florence Payne, the wonderful child actress from America (?) as Eva. They produce it earlier than expected, and my provincial engagements interfering, Mr. Cave and I have not made a bargain. Managers in this country seem to think it is quite enough if you get fame, without anything more substantial. "I can't see it." An offer still holds good for me there. Also a very good offer for the Royal Standard. But, as that cannot take place till March, I do not know whether I shall accept or not, as my health is so very delicate; ever since I came here I have been almost a continuous invalid. This is very discouraging for me, and though I am trying to weather the storm, I may have to give up at last, and return without accomplishing my wishes. Yankee Bierce has "turned up." He is now fulfilling an engagement in Devonport. I commence an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Devonport, on the 10th of November. Our Mrs. Macready is reading Shakespeare in the Provinces. James Anderson is playing in New-Castle, and Helen Western in Dublin. I understand business is very good in America, that is, as far as our profession goes, and I trust it will continue. E. H.

Among the recent deaths in England, we notice that of W. Shalders, actor and scene painter. Deceased first came into notice at the Olympic, Strand, and Marylebone theatres, in London, but was best known and appreciated at the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, at which city he died on the 4th. At Bolton, Lancashire, on the 1st, we observe the death of Mrs. Sharples, relict of William Sharples, and proprietor of the Theatre Royal there. From Australia, we learn the death of Charles Whitehead, which occurred there on the 4th July. He wrote several fine poems and pleasing novels, but is best known to the dramatic world as the author of the very beautiful play called "The Cavalier."

The Christy (Nish) Minstrels, recently at the Cape of Good Hope, were making arrangements, when last heard from, to leave Cape Town in the steamer Jason, for Calcutta.

Mdme. Marietta Grisi, the mother of Mdmes. Carlotta and Ernesta Grisi, died at a very advanced age, during the first week in November, at the Villa Grisi, near Geneva.

"Die Zauberflote" of Mozart having lately come into general notice and popularity at our German Opera House, American readers may be interested on learning that Madame Anna Eckoff (Sister of Shikaneder), author of the speaking portions in that wonderful opera, died in October, aged ninety years.

Among the new plays recently produced in London, we find "Camilla's Husband," by Watts Phillips, at the Olympic; "One Good Turn Deserves Another," by Madison Morton, at the Princess's; "St. Ann's Night, or the Smugglers of the Abbey," by J. B. Johnstone, at the Surrey. When Drury Lane is opened by Edmund Falconer, on the 26th Dec., a new play called "Bonnie Dundee," is to be produced, in addition to the new pantomime usual on Boxing Night. Sadler's Wells already has a new drama, for alternating with the nights of English opera, and it is called "Charity, or My Lord Welcome."

Nearly all the musicians at the continental opera houses in Europe, are in a flutter of excitement about the proposed reduction of tone to a normal diapason. The Royal Opera of Dresden first started this reform, and now the French have pretty generally adopted it. Berlin and Vienna still hold out, the latter the most obstinate, as usual. The Dresden Musical Congress now authorizes a descent of half a tone from the previous standard, and Dresden is right.

AMATEUR.

On the Decline.—A correspondent in Susquehanna, writes as follows:—"As regards our dramatic association, there are but four of the original members left, so they cannot do anything at present. They have lost three excellent members. Mr. Day may return during the winter. Mr. Smith, comedian and scenic artist, has left them, and also their leading actress. They have labored hard to keep the association up, but it seems an impossibility at present."

The Trovatore Dramatic Association, of Philadelphia, performed Michael Erle, and A Kiss in the Dark, on the 2d inst.

The Wheatley, of Philadelphia, on the 3d, gave Paul Pry and Bob Nettles, it being for the benefit of the Association. On the 10th, the bill is to be Nora Creina and Naval Engagements.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER ELEVEN.

A SLAP AT THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—WILL THERE THERE BE A TRANSATLANTIC DUEL?—WHAT PHIL SAMPSON SAYS ABOUT HARRY LAZARUS—PHIL'S OWN CAREER AS A PUG—AN OLD ITEM WORKED IN.

Let me see, what was I talking about last week. I'm almost afraid of repeating over again matter that has already appeared, and may be have done so without knowing it. Anybody is liable to do this unless keeping a pretty sharp eye on previous letters, or having a third party to give warning. A fellow gets such a lot of ideas in his head that it's excusable if a "doublet," as typographical Van or Milton would call a repetition, does occur once in a while. How quick some folks can see imperfections in others, or discern a mote in their brother's eye, while they've got a whole timber yard in their own, and make believe they don't know it, eh? To tell the truth, I'm inclined a little that way myself, although the thought never struck me till this moment. For instance, take the "Old Sports of New York" or memoirs of Tom Quick, which are all lithographed in my upper story; whenever Tom, or Joe, or George, or whatever you like best to call this Bohemian, used to say anything twice, no matter if a year's time lay between, I could discern his mote in a jiffy. Then, again, there's some of these oyster-soup theatrical critics—I used to get perfectly disgusted with their stereotyped lingo; with those daily blunderbusses, everybody was "the greatest actor or actress living," that advertised extensively in their paper, greased their apology-of-a-critic's palm, and sent around slathers of tickets every night. They may think it all right and legitimate, but, bore my ears, if I do. What stupid nonsense to suppose the public swallow all the *Herald* says about theatricals! Oh! ah-swim! If actor folks only knew it, the weekly press has ten times more real influence, genuine influence, than all the dailies put together, with their glaring misrepresentations, which seem to say, "dollar, dollar, dollar," forty times a line; it sticks right out! "What's all this got to do with Men, Manners, and Things in England?" say you. Perhaps not much; yet, as I get all the New York dailies sent out, an idea lately struck me to spit out my hitherto pent up feelings, in hopes to do my share towards crushing this monopoly. If I've stirred up anybody's bile and they want satisfaction, I'll meet them half-way between Liverpool and New York. You can make all the arrangements, Captain, and should your Cabin Boy be called out, let the order be, "Coffee and bodkins for two!" Mr. Branch—Stephen the martyr—will oblige by replying, should any of 'em talk fight.

Here, please take notice, is a slap at some one else's faults—it's not exactly a mote, but a cussed big ten-inch plank covers their eye, and "we can see it." "Gould" is prime stuff for shutting a man's eye up in England as well as in America; there's little difference between certain kinds of critics here and those with you, and during the entire opening of the Exhibition, a whole army of "reliable reporters" got their blow-outs and lunches free on the strength of being connected with the press, although the press itself repudiated them entirely. It's a positive fact.

If my memory serves me, and I don't see who else it should be more willing to serve, I had just parted with Phil Sampson at the close of the last epistle to the Clipperians, and promised to tell more about him, so here goes. Maybe Harry Lazarus won't remember the story about to be be told of himself and Phil Sampson; he was most too young, but the "Old Man" ought to have it stowed away in one corner of his idea-pot, and if Philip was only stuffing me, p'raps Father Izzy will write and tell you what he knows about it. According to Sampson, once upon a time the Hebrew Gladiator, Izzy, lived in Liverpool, likewise his two sons, Harry and Jack. It came to pass that the then young kid, Harry, got into a hullabaloo with a son of Erin go Bragh in Seel street, hard by the Synagogue, and needs be they must fight it out right on the spot. Both were agreeable, or disagreeable, and biling over to get at each other, without any solicitation from outsiders to "hold them back." This "hold me back" business is one of the biggest humbugs out. I never saw a man yet good for the first thing when "let go" that tried this dodge. Did you? By a "concatenation of concerted ideas" the kids jumped into each other to the tune of "Hey, down—Ho, down—Derry, Derry, down," for the Derry youth was down every round. Phil Sampson was delighted, and made up his mind that that boy, Harry, would make his mark in the world of punchers, if not of letters. He didn't know the boy from Adam at the time, but a few days afterwards he came across Izzy and Harry together, when he inquired if that was a "chip of the old block." He was so tickled to find such was the case, that he went down in his trowsers after some spons, and, patting Harry on the head, merit was there and then liberally rewarded. Who knows but this little incident was the means of making that boy the cleverest young man of his weight and inches now in America? I told Mr. Sampson how he had worked his way up, at which he felt mighty proud, adding, "I'm blessed if I didn't know it all the time. When you see my old friend, Izzy, ask him if he remembers it, won't you?" I promised to comply one of these days, and shall do so in the course of time.

There now, you are at liberty to believe this story or not. As two are better than one any day, at the solicitation of an old opponent, the "Sanguinary Slasher," let Father Israel either add his testimony or contradiction—one or the other.

It can't hurt nobody to give Phil Sampson's performances; contrariwise, you'd be disappointed if I omitted them—some of you would, if not all; therefore, "let her rip." The Birmingham Youth came into this world of sin and sorrow on the 27th of Sept., 1800, and commenced milling for money at just nineteen years old, by walloping Dolly Smith Aug. 24, 1819, at Moulsey Hurst; beaten by Josh Hudson, the John Bull Fighter, 40m, 25r, Wallingham Common, Oct. 26, 1819; draw with Aby Belasco, 11r, Feb. 22, 1820; beaten by Aby, a glove fight, 9r, Feb. 29, 1820; beaten by Jack Martin, 29r, July 17, 1820; beat Tom Dye, 8m, 6r, a room turn-up at Tom Spring's, Dec. 4, 1820; beat Belasco, 12r, Dec. 21, 1820, another turn-up at the Fives Court; beaten by Charley Gibletts, 47m, 32r, July 17, 1821; beaten by Bill Abbott, 47m, 43r, Dec. 18, 1821; beaten by Bill Hall, 99m, 24r, July 23, 1822; beat Hall, 2r, March 19, 1823; beat Belasco, 42m, 25r, Aug. 19, 1823; beaten by Jem Ward, 48m, 25r, June 21, 1824; ditto, ditto, 37¼m, 27r, Dec. 28, 1824; beat Jem Burn, 30m, 23r, June 14, 1823; beat Bill Hall, 44¼m, 1r, Nov. 22, 1825; beat Josh Hudson, 6r, Jan. 31, 1826; beaten by Jem Ward, turn-up, 10r, June 30, 1826; beaten by Ned Neale, 66m, 11r, Dec. 12, 1826; beat Paul Spencer, 29m, 4r, Nov. 27, 1827; beat Big Brown, 49m, 42r, April 8, 1828; beaten by Simon Byrne, 103¼m, 45r, June 30, 1829, contested again with Big Brown in 1831, and after fighting 27 rounds, the mob broke up the ring, and Brown's friends allow he was robbed of the fight; anyhow, Brown went to law, and got £200 out of the stakeholder on the 12th of March, 1832. Thus ended Phil Sampson's pugilistic career, after fighting 23 battles, losing 11, winning 10, and drawing 2; not bad work for twelve years.

In this connection, I hope to be excused for reproducing part of a former letter written nearly a year ago, about one of Phil Sampson's particular opponents, Bill Hall. It will just fit in here: "From individuals who knew William, or Billy Hall, in this town, his native place, I have been able to learn a little more of his history. He was born about the year 1800, and made his *debut* with Philip Sampson, July 23, 1822, as recorded in your paper; beaten by Ned Neale, 32 min., 26 rounds, Nov. 19, 1822; beat Jem Wynnes, 26 min., 58 rounds, February 4, 1823; beat Quilla, 23 min., 17 rounds, Sept. 23, 1823; beaten by Neptune, in 3 rounds, Nov. 9, 1823, which was that hero's only fight; beaten by Martin in 7 seconds, Dec. 9, 1823; beat Astle, £100 a side, 18 rounds, 32 min., Aug. 9, 1825—no other fights recorded of Astle; beaten by Dick Davis, 18 rounds, April 17, 1827. Bill Hall fought two other battles with Philip Sampson, one, March 19, 1823, lasting only two rounds—the other, for £100 a side, Nov. 22, 1825, when he was vanquished in one round and five minutes, thus getting two beatings in three rounds from the man over whom he had gained a victory in 99 minutes and 94 rounds! It will be seen Bill Hall, or 'Fiddler,' as he was called, could never be rated very high, and his first affair with Sampson looks a great deal like a 'barney.' Through the slogging he received at various times, one part of his head had become separated from another part, and he was obliged to wear a silver plate between the skull and the brain from his last fight till his death, which took place about ten years ago in Birmingham. He was engaged for many years as a publican in Wooster street, but sold out and was appointed constable and detective, which he filled with credit to the town, but proved 'a terror to evil doers.' He went about in all kinds of disguises to catch rogues, *a la* Tieman and Keefe with you, until every thief in town had been 'pulled,' when his little game was stopped, as they all knew Fiddler Hall by his size and 'mug.' Two others were associated with him (one named Sillick), and when the three giants started out in company, they never came back without breaking up some gang of burglars or counterfeiters, and scattering them like sheep. Though held in dread by vagabonds of every stripe, in private life Mr. Hall bore an excellent character, and died respected by thousands of his fellow townsmen. Philip Sampson is still living, and keeps a public house in Liverpool, as does also Jack Langan's son, who fought Bendigo. Knowing these little items will be perused with interest by your readers, I take great pleasure in producing them for the first time in print, for their special benefit."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOS. P. BULL, Egmondville, C. W.—It is, at present, impossible to inform you when the "Book of the World's Congress of 1862," will be really issued; such works are invariably delayed a considerable time beyond that when they are first expected. We hope *that* "complaint" will "get nothing the better but rather grow worse."

E. W. BRYANT, St. Louis.—Your last was most welcome. Your suggestions respecting our sad but tender task, which we would no other hands should trace, meet our views exactly. Many thanks for the photograph, which we prize highly. Shall write you well within the time mentioned.

EUROPEAN CHESS ITEMS.

THE PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—It affords us very great pleasure to announce to our readers and to all those who are specially interested in the Problem Tournament, that the Committee have concluded their examination of the Problems, and that a Meeting of their body is appointed to take place at the London Chess Club, on Tuesday next, the 25th inst., at half-past four p.m., on which occasion the prizes will be awarded. The result will be reported in our next.

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE CHESS ASSOCIATION.—We are glad to hear that the Meetings of the Committee of the Chess Association will now be resumed for the conduct of important business in connection with this institution. The first will take place on Saturday next, the 29th inst., at the St George's Chess Club.

LONDON CHESS CLUB.—On Saturday, the 15th inst., the London Chess Club presented an animated appearance, owing to the presence of several distinguished visitors, among whom were Kolisch and Harrwitz, who, after a long absence, have arrived in town. Signor Dubois and Herr Steinitz were also present. Each of these gentlemen played over some of the best games in which he had ever been engaged. We need not say that this exhibition excited the very liveliest interest among the members present.

MANCHESTER CHESS CLUB.—This leading Provincial Chess Club still continues in a very prosperous condition. Its members are as active and zealous in the cause of Chess as ever. At the present moment a Tournament is in progress among the members, and we are glad to find that they have adopted the same plan as prevailed at the late Chess Congress. We have been promised some of the games played in these jousts, and we shall have great pleasure in laying them before our readers when they come to hand.

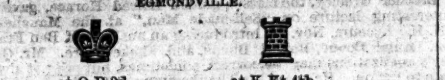
ANOTHER Manchester Club, held at the Chess Players' Inn, is said to be flourishing, and we hear that its proceedings are of a lively nature. Mr. Blackburne and Herr Horwitz are to be found among the daily visitors. Last week Mr. Blackburne played four games "blindfold" against four players, Mr. Horwitz among the number. He won two games, lost one, and drew one. Next week Mr. Blackburne will play ten games simultaneously, against ten of the strongest Manchester players—*Era*, Nov. 23d.

TORONTO VS EGMONDVILLE.—Our readers will remember that some time since we gave a game by correspondence between the above named Canadian Clubs, which was won by Egmondville. The companion game is still in course of contest, the following being the positions:—

TORONTO.

at Q B 4, Q B 3, Q B 5, Q Kt 4th.

EGMONDVILLE.



at Q B 2d, at K Kt 4th.

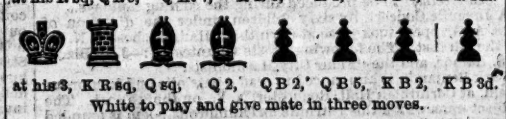
Egmondville is playing for a *remis*.

ENIGMA No. 358.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY J. G. SCHULTZ.

at his R sq, Q R 3, Q Kt 7, K R 6, K 4, K B 4, K R 4th.



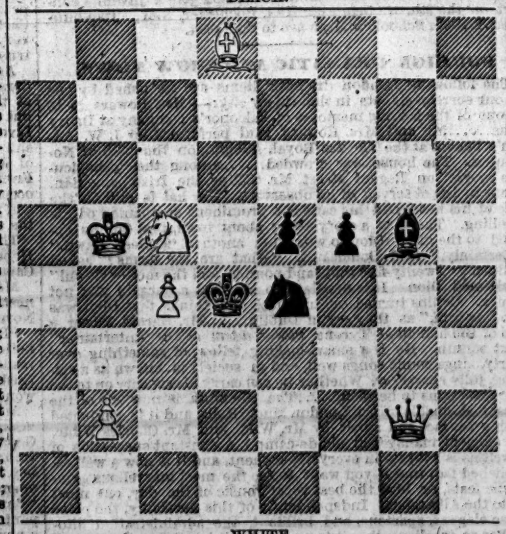
at his 3, K R sq, Q sq, Q 2, Q B 2, Q B 5, K B 2, K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 358.

BY THEO. M. BROWN, BERLIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 358.

Between our late lamented contributor Jas. A. Leonard and Mr. Mark.

KING'S KT'S OPENING.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Mark.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Mark.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	15. K B to B 6	Q B to B 4
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16. R × B 2d P	K B-Kt 3
3. K B-B 4	P-K R 3 (*a*)	17. Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 5
4. P-Q 4	K P × P	18. Kt-Q R 4	Q-her 4
5. Castles	Q-K B 3	19. Kt × K B	Q × K B
6. P-K 5	Q-home (*b*)	20. Kt × Q R	Q × Q Kt
7. Kt × Q 2d P	P-Q 4	21. Q × Q P	Q B-K 5
8. K B-Kt 5	K Kt-K 2	22. P-K 6 *fine*	B × Kt P +
9. P-K B 4	P-Q R 3	23. K-Kt sq	K R-his 2
10. B × Kt + (*c*)	K Kt × B	24. B × R P *fine*	Q-her B 3
11. K Kt × Kt	Kt P × Kt	25. Q R-Q sq	Q-Kt 3
12. P-K B 5	K B-B 4 +	26. Q × Q	B P × Q
13. K-his R sq	P-K Kt 3	27. Q B-Kt 5, elegantly terminating the *partie*.	
14. B P × P	B P × P		

(*a*) Not wishing to encounter the "Evans."

(*b*) A sad loss of time, little to be afforded in face of such an adversary, was this demonstration and retreat.

(*c*) No time to be lost by the Attack in retreating.

A specimen of the brilliant Austrian, Herr Steinitz, played with Mr. Mongredien in the late World's Congress.—*Bell's Life.*

CENTRE COUNTER-GAMBIT.

Steinitz.	Mongredien.	Steinitz.	Mongredien.
1. P to K 4	P to Q 4	16. K R × P (*a*)	Q Kt × Kt
2. K P × P	Q × Q 2d P	17. B P × Kt	K × K R
3. Q Kt-B 3	Q-home	18. Q × Kt 2d P	K R-Kt sq
4. P-Q 4	P-K 3	19. Q-R 5 +	K-Kt 2
5. K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	20. Q-R 6 + (*b*)	K-his B 2
6. K B-Q 3	K B-K 2	21. Q-R 7 +	K-his 3
7. Castles	Castles	22. Q-R 3 +	K-his B 2
8. Q B-K 3	P-Q Kt 3	23. K-B sq +	K-home
9. K Kt-K 5	Q B-Kt 2	24. Q-K 6 (*c*)	K R-Kt 2
10. P-K B 4	Q Kt-Q 2	25. Q B-Kt 5	Q-her 2
11. Q-K 2	K Kt-Q 4	26. B × Kt P +	K R × B
12. Q Kt × Kt	K P × Kt	27. Q × K R +	K-Q sq
13. K R-B 3	P-K B 4	28. R-B 8 +	Q-K sq
14. K R-his 3	P-K Kt 3	29. Q × Q, checkmate.	
15. P-K Kt 4	B P × P		

(*a*) In Steinitz's happiest style—he is one of the most attacking players of the age. We believe this move is quite sound.

(*b*) Considers this more decisive than Q takes P; but this latter move has its merits.

(*c*) The finishing blow. Steinitz forces the game in first-rate style.

An exceedingly well-fought game between Herr Anderssen and George Medley, Esq.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Anderssen.	Medley.	Anderssen.	Medley.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	23. K R to B sq	P to Q Kt 4
2. P-K B 4	K P × P	24. Q-her B 3	Q-K 2
3. K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	25. Q Kt-K 4	K-Kt 2
4. P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	26. P-Q 6	B P × P
5. K Kt-K 5	K Kt-B 3	27. P-Q Kt 4	Kt P × B
6. K B-B 4	P-Q 4	28. Kt P × B	B P × P
7. K P × P	K B-Q 3	29. Q R-Q 6	K R-B sq
8. P-Q 4	Q-K 2	30. K R-Q sq	K-Kt sq
9. Q B × P	K Kt-R 4	31. Q × B 2d P	Q Kt × Kt
10. P-K Kt 3	P-K B 3	32. Q × Q Kt	Q R-Kt sq
11. Q-K 2	B P × Kt	33. Q × Kt P +	K-his R sq
12. Q 1st P × P	K B-B 4	34. K R-Kt sq	Q-K B 3
13. Q Kt-Q 2	Q B-B 4	35. P-K 7	Q × K P
14. Castles, Q R	K Kt × B	36. Q R-K 6	Q-her Kt 2
15. Kt P × Kt	Q Kt-Q 2	37. Q-K Kt 5	Q-Kt 7 +
16. P-K 6	Kt-K B 3	38. K-Q 2	B-Q R 5
17. Q-K 5	Q B-Kt 3	39. Q R-K 7	Q × B P +
18. B-Kt 5 +	K-his B sq	40. K-his 3	Q-B 6 +
19. P-K B 5	K B-Q 3	41. K-his B 4	Q R-Kt 5 +
20. Q-her 4	K B-B 4	42. Q R-K 4	Q R × R +
21. Q-her 3	Q B-K sq	43. K × Q R	B-his 3 +
22. B-Q B 4	Q-her 3	44. K-his B 4	Q-her 5 +,

and Mr. Medley carries off a well-deserved victory from the acknowledged Champion of Europe. He has played this, much of the time difficult, Defence in the highest style of Chess.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. H., Baltimore, Md.—Thanks for Position. We have notified H. L., of your "views" regarding his Position, as you may perceive. Not having a copy before us, we are unable to examine your variation: but anon, full justice shall be meted out to all parties.

H. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—A. L. H., writes as follows: "Towards the last of the solution, when he goes from 22 to 26, the Black man on 29 jumps, and the win is "busted up." We will examine this before the next issue.

A LOOKER ON, New York.—Thanks for the game—it appears promptly, as you will perceive.

ON THE SQUARE, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Don Leander, of this city, desires to play a game of draughts against you, through the CLIPPER. What say you?

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—Express desires you to show by analysis in Game 33, Vol. 9, (is it not X?) note (*a*) when you assert that 31 to 27 loses without an if, and that 32 to 27 draws; *how* it draws.

GAME No. 35—VOL. X.

[SINGLE CORNER.

Black, New Yorker.		White, Brooklynite.		Black, New Yorker.		White, Brooklynite.	
1.. 11	to 15	22	to 18	8.. 5	to 14	26	to 22
2.. 15	22	25	18	9.. 2	7	22	15
3.. 12	16	18	15 (*a*)	10.. 7	11	28	24 (*b*)
4.. 10	19	24	15	11.. 11	18	24	19
5.. 7	11	23	18	12.. 16	23	25	22
6.. 9	14	19	9	13.. 18	25	27	2
7.. 11	18	29	25	14.. 25	29	21	17 (*c*)

Notes, by "A Looker On."

(*a*) A move not laid down. Seductive, if not sound.

(*b*) Is at home and prepared to receive company.

(*c*) After a disgusted survey of the situation, the mover of the Blacks resigned.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 35—Vol. X.

BY S. B. C. C.

Reserved till next week.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 100th POSITION.

Black.		White.	
1.. 31	to 26	25	to 22
2.. 26	23	22	13
3.. 12	16, and wins.		

MATCH GAME.

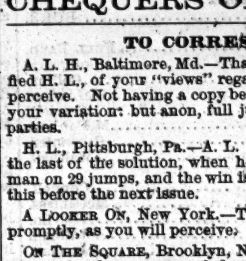
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8	24	20
5.. 12	16		

POSITION No. 35—Vol. X.

BY A. L. H., OF BALTIMORE.

BLACK.

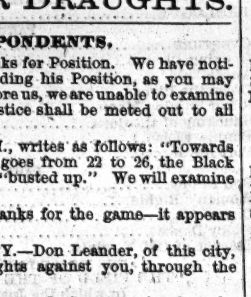


WHITE.

White to move and draw.

THE 101st POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MRS. C. BARTON HILL.

Made her first appearance on the stage, April 6, 1857, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, as Mariana, in "The Wife." This lady is no relation to C. Barton Hill.

MRS. C. BARTON HILL.

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, August 16, 1851, as Ernestine, in "Loan of a Lover." This lady is no relation to the Mrs. C. B. Hill that made her *debut* in Buffalo.

C. BARTON HILL.

Born in Dover, England, in 1828, and made his first appearance on the American stage, in 1849, as Mandeville, in "The Young Widow," at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Theatre. In September, 1850, first appeared in New York, when he played Charles Paragon, at the Broadway Theatre. August 16, 1851, first appeared in Philadelphia, making his *debut* as Amenophis, in "Azael the Prodigal." Was leading man at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, in 1860-61.

ADELINE HIND.

Formerly Miss Knight, born December 14, 1813.

FREDERICK S. HILL.

Born in Boston, and made his first appearance on any stage, April 22, 1832, at the Tremont Theatre, in his native city, as Romeo. First appeared in Philadelphia, March 6, 1834, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Julio Dormilly, in "The Six Degrees of Crime." Was for many years connected with the National Theatre, Boston, but subsequently retired from the profession, and devoted his attention to literature. He appeared once of late years, at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, a few months prior to his death, which occurred in April, 1851.

MRS. TATNALL.

Formerly known as Mrs. Pemberton. This lady was not an excellent actress. Her performances were showy fustian, perhaps an agreeable rant. She was a beautiful woman, a brunette, with expressive black eyes, flowing black hair, Grecian nose, and a small mouth, set off with splendid pearly teeth. Having been bred to dancing, she was very graceful in action. While living with her husband, Mr. Pemberton, in the West Indies, she became acquainted with Samuel Tatnall, the Equestrian, and as representing the vast field that was open to her talents in the United States, made love to and eloped with her to the States, and opened at the Broadway Circus, New York, as an Equestrienne. She then visited Philadelphia, and opened at the Walnut Street Circus, September 4, 1822, and made quite a hit. Opened December 22, 1822, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Florinda, in "Apostate," but the result proved that she did not possess the legitimate claims to Thalia. As Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child," she was excellent. Died on the Red River. This lady was at one time known as Mrs. Hartung, Mrs. Pritchard, (whose right name was Hosack,) and Mrs. Riley.

LUCY ESCOTT.

She is both handsome and graceful, is gifted by nature with a lovely soprano voice, which has been highly cultivated by the appliances of Italian art, and as an actress, has energy and feeling. Traveled throughout the United States as Prima Donna of an English Opera Troupe, under her own management. In 1860, she visited California and appeared in English Opera, in conjunction with the Rosalie Durand Troupe.

J. H. HALL.

The Equestrian Rider, made his *debut* in Philadelphia, April 23, 1849, at the Arch Street Theatre, in the Equestrian Drama of "Eagle Eye," with his highly trained horse Arbaces. Died at Toledo, Ohio, August 12, 1850, of congestion of the lungs. He was a young man of much promise, and bore an excellent character.

JAMES HALL.

Born at Albany, New York, and made his first appearance on any stage, in 1834, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Captain Thornton, in "Rob Roy." Made his *debut* in New York, at the Bowery Theatre.

HARRY HALL.

Born in Dublin, Ireland. When the Greek drama was all the rage in his native place, he made a great hit in the burlesque of Antigone, after which he went to Birmingham, where he became stage manager of the theatre for some time. He afterwards went to Manchester, and became a great favorite as an actor of character parts. In a short space of time he became stage manager of the Manchester theatre. In 1854, he came to America, and made his *debut* at Burton's Chamber Street Theatre, New York. He afterwards became stage manager of Laura Keene's Theatre, at which establishment he built his American reputation. He made his *debut* in Philadelphia, October 21, 1856, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Dogberry, in "Much Ado About Nothing." Died in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 5, 1858, and was buried by the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member.

FRANCIS A. TANNYHILL.

Born in the State of Pennsylvania, about the year 1830. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, August 15, 1857, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Saville, in "The Belle's Stratagem." Married Miss Ella Clayton.

MRS. F. A. TANNYHILL.

Maiden name Ella Clayton; born in Carlisle, Pa., and made her first appearance on the stage, January 5, 1855, at the Baltimore Museum, as Juliana, in "The Honey Moon." First appeared in Philadelphia, April 25, 1855, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Widow White, in "Mr. and Mrs. White." She has an excellent education, and has written many fine poems.

GEORGE SKERRETT.

Born in Liverpool, England, May 21, 1810, and made his first appearance on the stage in his native city, as Timid, in "The Dead Shot." Made his *debut* on the American stage, at the Park Theatre, New York, under the management of Simpson, as Dominique, the Deserter. In 1852, was a member of the Lyceum, New York. Died in Albany, New York, May 17, 1855. He was a very clever low comedian.

MISS CHRISTINE LUDLAM.

Wife of Mons. Zavistowski. Made her first appearance on the stage, as ballet girl, at one of the New York Theatres. Married Mons. Zavistowski, who immediately commenced teaching her the art of Terpsichore. First appeared in Philadelphia, February 27, 1849, at Silsbee's Lyceum, as a dancer. She is one of the most deserving, talented, and accomplished dansueses on the American Stage. She combines dexterity with grace and elegance of motion, and possesses, to an eminent degree, that variety of excellence and proficiency which is calculated to please the eye of the most fastidious and criticising. As a pantomimist, she is very fair; and her acting of the "French Spy" is a very creditable performance.

ROBERT CAMPBELL MAYWOOD.

Born in Scotland, in 1786; made his first appearance on the stage in 1817, at the Drury Lane Theatre, as Shylock. First appeared on the American Stage, in 1819, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Richard the Third. First appeared in Philadelphia, November 6, 1828, at the Arch, as King Lear.

In April, 1832, he became manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in conjunction with Pratt and Rowbotham. On the 3d of September, he became manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, with the same gentlemen.

On the 21st of December, 1832, the season closing at the Chestnut, he returned to the Walnut as manager. In 1834, he was manager of the Chestnut and Arch Street Theatres. On the 9th of March, 1840, he relinquished the management of the Chestnut, and took his farewell benefit. The performance consisted of "Sonnambula," and "Cramund Brig." In 1852, we find him at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Died December 1, 1856, at the Marshall Institute, in Troy, New York, of paralysis. He had been a patient at the Infirmary for two years.

MRS. MARTHA MAYWOOD.

Born in Bath, Somerset, England, 1793; made her first appearance on the stage at Boston, Lincolnshire, England; made her *debut* in America, in 1816, at Boston, under the name of Mrs. H. Williams, at the Boston Theatre, as Desdemona, in "Othello." First appeared in New York, in 1819, at the Park Theatre, as Cicely Homespun, in "Heir at Law;" appeared in Philadelphia, November 7, 1820, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Rosalind. In 1828, she separated from Williams and married Maywood.

Took her farewell of the stage, April 25, 1838, at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, on which occasion she appeared at the close of the piece and made a few pertinent remarks.

She soon sailed for France in company with her daughter Augusta.

She was small of figure, face not handsome, very much pitted with the small-pox, but she possessed a countenance expressive at night, through the aid of a vivid black eye.

Mrs. M. was an excellent representative of old women, and was the first lady who travelled as a "Star" assuming the characters of Rolla, Richard the Third, etc.

In 1852, she was engaged at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, sustaining with much excellence the first line of comedy old women—a line of business, no doubt, she could have proved unrivalled in. We learn that she owned some property in Cincinnati. Of its truth we cannot vouch. She died some five years ago in that city.

MARY ELIZABETH MAYWOOD.

Born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1822; made her first appearance on the stage April 14, 1838, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Angela, in "Castle Spectre," for the benefit of her father; first appeared in New York, in 1839 at the Park Theatre, as Bianca, in "Fazio;" made her *debut* on the London stage, in June, 1839, at the Haymarket Theatre, as Bianca.

She was soon after married to Mr. Stanley, and returned to America. On the 17th of September, 1842, became lessee of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

She had a well moulded form, a soft and melodious voice, great propriety and ease of gesture, fine eyes, and a face bearing the clear evidence of mental illumination.

MISS AUGUSTA MAYWOOD.

Right name Williams—step-daughter of Robert C. Maywood. Born in Philadelphia, in 1825; made her first appearance on the stage as a dancer under the title of "The Young Augusta" at Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, December 30, 1837, for her mother's benefit, appearing as Zelica, in "The Maid of Cashmere." She was a pupil of P. H. Hazard. She made an immense hit, taking the city by storm. That a child of her age should have succeeded so thoroughly in a character which Mad. Celeste considered one of the most difficult in the whole range of dramatic opera, is surprising indeed.

Made her first appearance in a speaking character January 15, 1838, at the Chestnut, and recited the "Seven Ages of Woman," for the benefit of Wm. E. Burton; made her *debut* in New York, February 12, 1838, at the Park Theatre. In 1839 she crossed the Atlantic, and was the first American ever admitted to the Academy of Dancing, at Paris; appeared on the boards of the Academie Royale de Musique, at Paris, in the "Tarentule," with the inimitable Fanny Elsler, December 25, 1839. In November, 1840, she eloped with Mr. Sydney Wilkins, a young musician belonging to the orchestra of the Academie Royale de Musique, and was shortly after arrested, together with her lover, at Bologne, on her way to England, at the instigation of her indignant relatives. The young figurante's mother lodged a complaint with the police authorities; but in consequence of the mediation of friends, and after a very affecting interview, and a species of family counsel being held, every difficulty was smoothed away, and Mrs. Maywood not only withdrew her complaint, but gave her entire consent to the marriage of the fugitive pair.

In January, 1858, she was residing at Florence, and the *furore* she created by her dancing was astonishing.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, November 22.

FIGHTS FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 29.

Jem Mace and Tom King.—£400 and the Champion's Belt.—As the day approaches for the forthcoming great fight for the championship between the present holder of the belt, Jem Mace, and his last opponent for the trophy, Tom King, the excitement increases in all circles. Every class, however they may pretend to "keep up appearances," have a sly corner in their hearts for muscular superiority, science, and courage, and the pugilistic coteries display great excitement. It approaches closer to that displayed on the eve of the now historical great Farnborough encounter between the British and American representatives. At the final deposit, on Wednesday, Nov. 10, which took place at Mr. W. Richardson's, Shoreditch, there was an immense gathering, which had assembled from a very early hour in the evening, and during the night there could not have been fewer than from five to six hundred persons present in the different rooms in which they were accommodated. There was but little business transacted as regards betting, only some wagers of £15 to £10 being laid two or three times upon Mace, who decidedly was the favorite at that price. The principal amusement of the evening was a few songs being well sung by the chairman, deputies, etc. Joey Jones, who was, as usual, very facetious, filled one chair, and Mr. H. Hall another, the two deputies being Mr. H. Abbott and Mr. R. Hart, whose exertions to keep the necessary order and quiet were indefatigable, and met with a decided success. Tom King's "bwother Tham," as Lord Dundreary would say, was present, and was soon recognized from his likeness to Tom, when, of course, he met with a round of applause which made him blush, but did not put him off his balance, for he at once offered to take seven ponies to four Tom won. Mr. Richardson also offered to take £175 to £100, but neither of these offers met with a response. Great anxiety was expressed to know the whereabouts of fighting, but as it was not known, all went away as they came, after waiting until a late hour.

The ring was very strongly represented, more especially by the East-end division, amongst them being Harry Brunton, Tom Tyler, Geo. Crockett, Geo. Sims, Billy Duncan, and a whole host of others; while the West-end sent but very few of their pets. Jemmy Welsh, of the Griffin, Church-street, Borough, was present, and was congratulated upon the success which had attended his benefit at Birmingham; but, to the surprise of all, he informed us that it was another Jemmy Welsh, a native of Birmingham, who was the fortunate recipient of the favor of the Brums! The wind-up of the evening was noticeable by Mr. Coney addressing the company, and informing them that all the money had been staked, as well as arrangements having been entered into for conveying the intending spectators down to the scene of action; that the journey would be all the way by rail; and that daylight would witness the men on the battle field. He assured them both were well, and he was confident both meant trying, and, for his part, he hoped no unforeseen circumstances would happen, but that both men might be well on the day, and the better man win. Mr. Richardson, after a little sparring, laid a "treble event" of £30 to £10 that Mace, Gollagher, and Dillon did not win their engagements. The difficulties attending the arrangements for conveyance have been of an unexampled character, but have at length been satisfactorily arranged, and we believe, from most reliable authority, that perfectly fresh ground will be the battle field. Everything, therefore, can be looked upon as arranged, and those who want to see the fight must be in London by Monday at the latest. There will be no hitch about the choice of the referee, that most requisite official being already chosen by the stakeholder. The arrangements made for the conveyance of the "upper ten" are of an unprecedented description, and ensure their perfect comfort and safety during the whole of the trip. Mr. Coney has, at his own expense, chosen half a dozed well-known men to attend to the "ramping" department, or protect gentlemen on their arrival at the station, and, as the right of admission at the privileged entrance will be by ticket only, the charge for which will be £2, it is advisable to avoid the crush at the money entrance, and gentlemen should be set down from their conveyances at the very door.

The tickets will be obtainable only at Mr. W. Richardson's, Blue Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch, and at Mr. John Coney's, 13 Panton street, Haymarket. The catering will be under the careful superintendence of the provider for the swells at all the "old fights," Mr. Dan Pinkstone, for his old patrons; and Jack Lawley, his successor during the last few years, will do the suttling for the million. The victualling department may with safety be left to their judicious and often-proved management. A large number of ring constables have been appointed to act, under the superintendence of William Duncan, the P. B. A. inspector, viz:—T. Shaw, Tom Paddock, Mike Madden, Dan Collins, C. Lynch, Fred Dickinson, George Crockett, Jack Keefe, Jack Hartley, James Clarke, of Liverpool, and Patsey Daley, who, combined with the half-dozen picked by Mr. Coney, viz:—Alec Keene, George Browne, Jemmy Welsh, George Sims. Jack Brookes, and George Henley, will form rather a formidable *posse* of defenders of the inner ring. These arrangements have been made up to the present, and, as far as can be foreseen, bid fair to meet with the success they deserve. Everything, therefore, now depends upon the conduct of the men themselves, who are earnestly requested not to delay in their toilets, but to get at it as soon as possible, which, if done, will no doubt allow the battle to be completed before the arrival of any "stray blue" or two. There have, as usual, been rumors flying about, anything but complimentary to the character of the "belligerents," but we are confident that never was a match carried out from the commencement of staking money and drawing up articles until the present time, with greater fairness and honesty than the one under consideration. The men have had a quarrel which, at first only a slight breach, was soon widened by "those who went between," until it arrived at such a pitch that they will not speak or recognise one another when they meet. The betting has fluctuated in an extraordinary manner. In the North, Tom King has been backed freely at evens, and even at the present time there are some sanguine supporters who have actually laid odds upon him. One gentleman early in the week, a Capt. W. C., of Southampton, laid a well-known fancier of Leadenhall Market £60 to £20 on King, and on being asked "the question" whether it was not a mistake, he stated that he had laid more odds than that at home, and that King was sure to win. Mr. Richardson, on Sunday last, on his return home after having seen King, took a fancy bet of £100 to £15 that King won under an hour.

Notwithstanding these strange, but nevertheless true facts, Mace is still the favorite, 5 to 4 being laid freely, and 6 to 4 taken in good quarters quite as greedily. The above, which are sterling facts, at once stamp the match to have been made with honest and straightforward purposes, and also that it has been carried out to its original tenor, is proved by the closeness and evenness of the betting, which daily becomes more in King's favor. The belt has not at the present time been placed with the stakeholder, and King states until he has seen a receipt to that effect he shall not enter the ring. We have informed our readers from time to time of the condition and doings of the men, and have scarcely anything to add to the previous accounts. Jem Mace is remarkably well and confident; he has thickened immensely across the shoulders and in his arms, and has taken an immensity of work both in walking and running, which has so improved his frame, &c., that although he is much more developed than in his last battle with King, yet he will not weigh more than 10st 12lb or 10st 13lb when he is stripped for the combat. King has had every justice done to him in his training, and is also a model of condition and health, and expresses every confidence in his ability to bring the fight off in his favor. His great length will of course give him a decided advantage, and as he will weigh at least 12st 12lb on the day, he is by no means an adversary to be played with. Mace and his friends rely upon Jem's well-known quickness, science, and tremendous gift of hitting, stating that, however dangerous the rushes of King may be, he has the power and ability to wear out the youthful giant, as in his previous battle, when he pulled off the victory so suddenly after having steadied King in his rushes. As we have before stated in our columns from time to time, we can see nothing to stop the fight under consideration proving one of the best and most exciting upon record. Jem Mace will arrive at his own "hostelrie," the Old King John, Shoreditch, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, accompanied by his backers. Young King will also take up his quarters in the East, and be proud to meet his admirers at Mr. Richardson's, Shoreditch, where he will arrive to-morrow night. We have been particularly requested to state that sobriety must be one of the characteristics of the visitors on this particular morning, as nobody intoxicated will be allowed down, whether "king or kaiser." It has been expected and feared that a long and tedious journey was in contemplation, but we can inform our readers, that although the start will take place long before the "break of day," that fifty miles will cover the extent of radius from the metropolis. The whereabouts can be ascertained the night previous to the battle, of Mace's backer, Mr. John Coney, 13 Panton street, Haymarket; at Mr. W. Richardson's, Owen Swift's, George Bryer's, Alec Keene's, Bob Travers's, Nat Langham's, W. Shaw's, W. Tupper's, Jemmy Welsh's, Harry Brunton's, George Brown's, Harry Orme's, James Ward's, W. Ward's, and Peter Crawley's.

Jem Gollagher and Jack Hicks, £100 a-side, at 9st.—The whole of the money has been posted for the interesting match between the light-weights, Jack Hicks and James Gollagher, for £100 a side, at the stipulated weight of 9st, and the fight will come off in the metropolitan circuit early in the week. The weighing, pursuant to articles, will take place on Monday, Nov. 24, at Mr. W. Richardson's, Shoreditch, between the hours of twelve and two in the day. Both are quite well and "confident." The colors of the men are out, Gollagher's being a mauve silk handkerchief, with a white flower and variegated ground, and a white silk handkerchief, with a mauve border and red spot, is the banner of Hicks. There is every probability of the affair being satisfactorily concluded on the day, the stakeholder having named very "likely" ground.

Posh Price and Joe Goss.—If we except the Championship, nothing in Birmingham and the district is talked about in sporting circles, save this interesting event. The names of Price and Goss have now become as household words, and affairs are assuming a very healthy aspect, as there is every prospect of this all-engrossing bout coming to a satisfactory solution. Advices from head-quarters bespeak the men in excellent trim, and very anxious for the fray. Price, who has been taking his "breathings" under Jem Hodgkiss, is in the finest fettle, in consequence of which, his friends are very sweet on him, freely accepting the current odds of 2 to 1. The bulletin from Goss's quarters is equally flattering, and as both mean fighting and not parleying, a brilliant mill is anticipated, and we trust no further disappointment will ensue to the Midland fancy. They scale at Jack Rooke's, Whittington and Cat, Great Brook street, on Monday, Nov. 24, between two and three. We might add that on Tuesday last, a circle of friends gave Master Posh a complimentary benefit, and the sparring was of a high order, eliciting bursts of applause from the assembled throng, and the whole proceedings terminated satisfactorily.

GAME FIGHT IN THE HULL DISTRICT,
BETWEEN
JOE INNES, OF HULL, AND GEO. SCHOLEY, OF LEEDS, FOR £30.

On Tuesday, Nov. 18, these two men met at Halton-Skitter, on the Lincolnshire coast, about ten miles from Hull, to fight for £15 a side, at catch-weight. Scholey, who is the older man of the two, first saw the light in 1835. He was backed on the present occasion by Charley Head, of the Eagle Hotel, Leeds, and was trained by W. Wheatley, the well-known "ped" of Sheffield, who had managed to get his lad into first-rate condition. He stands about 5ft, 9½in., and weighed on Tuesday 11st 2lb. Young Joe Innes is twenty-three years of age, and was born July 24, 1839. He was backed from Ted Brown's, the Leeds Arms, Hull, and trained by Charley Ball, of Hull, upon whose ability as a trainer Master Joe reflects great credit, he being in superb condition. Joe stands about 5ft, 10in., and weighs 11st 4lb. He had for his seconds Young Jem Watson, of Beverly, and Charley Ball; whilst Tommy Kelly, of Bradford, and Andy Godfrey, of Hull, did the needful for Scholey. The colors of the men were, a cream-colored centre with an orange border and mauve flower for Innes, and Scholey had a white centre with a violet border. A friend of the men officiated as referee, and both lads being in readiness, exactly at 8:57 they left their corners for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As soon as they took up their positions, they were each heartily cheered by their friends. Scholey, who was the first to threw in his cap, is a fine fellow, with a good fighting phiz, his muscles being exceedingly well developed, with a very prominent chest. He had, however, one drawback, that of being very weak on his pins. Joe Innes, too, is a fine fellow, with a head as combative-looking as his opponent's. He is very straight and firm on his pins, with a good chest and well developed muscles, and is rather long in the reach, and should he learn to use his right hand, will prove a "tough 'un" to most men of his weight. His friends were ready with their cash at 5 and 6 to 4 on him, which, as the result will show, they were quite justified in doing. Innes offered to lay a level "fiver" on himself, but, however, found no taker. They did not lose much time, both lads seeming very eager, when Scholey led off with his left at Joe's nose, which, however, was prettily stopped; trying again, he got home lightly on Joe's left eye. Joe immediately followed suit, planting his left on Scholey's head. They soon fought within distance, Scholey getting well home on Joe's nasal organ, drawing first blood (claimed and allowed). Joe, rather "riled" at this, dashed out his right at Scholey's forehead, sending him to grass. (First knock-down for Innes.)

2. Joe came up bleeding from his nose and left optic, and after some cautious sparring, landed his left on Scholey's collar bone, leaving the marks of his visitation there. Scholey again busy at Joe's left eye, cutting it fearfully, when Joe sent out his left at Scholey's head, and again sent him to grass.

3, 4, and 5. Much the same as the preceding, Scholey rather slow to time, bleeding at the mouth; and in the fifth round, got down very suspiciously. An appeal of foul was made, but as it did not emanate from the "right party," it was not allowed.

6 to 12. All these rounds were very similar, give and take being the order of the day; Joe bleeding very much from the left eye. Scholey's blows began to lack steam, he being very weak, Joe's repeated visitations sending him to grass almost every time.

13 to 17. Scholey rallied, getting well home repeatedly on Joe's nose and eyes, beyond which he was almost scatheless. In round 15, after some good sparring, Scholey planted his left very heavily on Joe's bread-basket, when Joe fought him to the ropes, where he fell; and in the last round, Joe led off his left at Scholey's mouth, when he again fell, but as the "right parties" were again behind in appealing to the referee, no notice was taken of it.

18 to 20. Both men rather slow to the call of time. Innes bled very much, his left eye almost closed up. After some excellent in-fighting, Innes got well home with his left on Scholey's left eye, when Scholey sent a vicious left-hander at Joe's nose, "drawing" again; Joe, however, returned the lead, planting well on the left eye, which sent Scholey sprawling once more, in fine style. Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Joe.

21 and 22. Scholey came up with his eye much swollen, bleeding from his mouth, and very weak. Joe repeatedly made him stagger, till at last he got down very suspiciously. The referee here thought it necessary to caution him. Innes in this, as in all the preceding rounds, walked smiling to his corner.

23 to 28. All in favor of the "young 'un," who was literally as strong as ever, though still bleeding very much from his nose and left eye. His blows were like those of a horse kicking, but Scholey was no coward, and took his punishment as a matter of course. Scholey led off at Joe's left eye, but was well stopped. Joe, in returning the compliment, sent him to mother earth with a tremendous left-hander on his frontispiece.

29 and 30. After some good sparring, Scholey landed his left heavily on Joe's right eye. Joe, not liking this, again visited Master George's facial region, "drawing" in profusion, and again failing to avoid punishment.

31 to 35. Innes left his second's knee bleeding like a sheep, with his right eye much swollen. Joe, at the request of his seconds, now began to force the fighting, which Scholey, through weakness, evidently disliked. Joe got well home on Scholey's mouth with telling effect in the last round. After some good sparring, Scholey got nicely home on Joe's nose; and, after some severe in-fighting, Joe planted a tremendous left-hander on Scholey's eye, sending him down a "rattler."

36 and last. Innes came up bleeding from the nose, and Scholey with his right eye fast closing. Joe immediately dashed out his left at Scholey's nose, when he went down to avoid in such a bare-faced manner that the referee at once gave in in favor of Young Joe, after fighting in the gamest manner thirty-six rounds, which lasted 52 min.

REMARKS.

We need make but few remarks, and suffice it to say that had the referee been appealed to in the early part of the fight, especially the fifth round, no end of unnecessary punishment might have been saved both men. Of the loser, we can safely say he is a game fellow; but he must have been totally ignorant of the rules of the P. R., or he could not have "gone down" as he did. As to Innes, he is as fair a fighter as ever stepped into the ring, and should he learn to use his right, he has every quality requisite for a pugilist; but the result might have been different if he had had his left arm disabled, for he must have been at the mercy of his opponent. It will not be long before he is again heard of, as he is as game a young fellow as ever entered the arena.

FIGHT AT MORPETH, AT 8 STONE,
BETWEEN
BROOME ATKINSON AND BOB THEW, FOR £15 A SIDE.

For a length of time this coming contest has engaged a considerable amount of interest among the Morpeth members of the P. R. Of Broome we have to record a defeat by that scientific boxer, Geardy Heir, on the 14th of March this year, for £10 a side, at Morpeth Common—12 rounds, 80 min—thus attesting his gameness, besides a few minor encounters; while Thew beat the celebrated Bob Tait, in 38 rounds, 56 min, for £20 a side, after a very game battle. Friday morning, Nov. 14, witnessed a large assembly of the true lovers of old English sport, who, without much delay in starting, proceeded at a brisk pace to the place of appointment, where, having arrived, without any demur at once chose a referee, and stripped for the combat. Broome was attended by Tommy Burns and Young Rag, Thew having the valuable services of Raglan and his friend Hump. Everything being in readiness, the belligerents simultaneously shied in the cap of defiance, and having shaken hands, at half-past eight stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The appearance of the men was eagerly scanned, and must have given general satisfaction, as their condition was perfection itself, Broome, especially, being a model for a sculptor. As the rivals pulled within distance, both led off eagerly with the left, Bob landing a hot 'un on the cranium, getting well countered on the temple. They now retreated a pace or two, their style being artistic, and showing they were novices at the game. On again getting within gunshot, Broome made play with his right on the ivories. They fought to a close, and both fell side by side.

2. The fighting in this round was very spirited. The lads, after one or two harmless exchanges, closed and fibbed away till both fell, Broome under.

3. In this round Bob came up strong, and got on several times with both weapons, which Broome not exactly relishing, closed, thinking his chance better in an affectionate hug, when, after some merry fibbing, both fell.

4. On coming up Broome's nose was bleeding profusely, but nothing daunted, he met his opponent's sallies very gamely and cleverly, the fighting being forced by Bob, who was very resolute, and getting to in-fighting, fought Broome down at the ropes.

5. Both very eager, and after a very good deal of cautious sparring in all parts of the ring, Bob giving vicious right-handers on the body, some very pretty feinting followed, each trying to draw his man out. They at last closed, butting like rams on the foreheads, from the effects of which both fell with the rapidity of shot, and were carried to their respective corners almost senseless.

6 and last. All in favor of Bob, who appeared now to have got the trump card; and finding his adversary somewhat backward in coming forward, went straight to Broome's corner and challenged him out. They, however, got at it, Bob investing a straight left hander upon the dial, which sent him staggering into his corner, and his friends seeing his chance was out, and to save their man from any greater punishment, threw up the sponge in token of defeat. Both men contested with the utmost gameness throughout, and the mill reflects great credit on these light-weights.—*Illustrated Sporting News*, Nov. 22.

INTERESTING MILL
BETWEEN
WATTY PEARCE AND TOMMY BROWN, OF ELLESMERE, FOR £10 A SIDE.

This mill took place on Monday, Nov. 17, and attracted considerable attention. We give the details:—

Round 1. Both men at the scratch smiling. Not much feinting was displayed in this round, but they went in right and left, Tommy receiving a good 'un on the nose, which sent him to grass. First knock-down blow for Watty. Betting, 2 to 1 on Watty, but no takers.

2. Watty up at the call of time first, Tommy a little down, but on some of his partisans calling, "Now, Tommy, up and at him," he seemed cheered, and went in, putting one on the mouth, drawing claret pretty freely. First blood to Tommy. Betting, even on Tommy.

3. A good deal of feinting in consequence of both men being a little fatigued, there being a deal of heavy hitting, as in the first and second rounds. Watty put in the first blow on Tommy's eye. Tommy then let fly his left, and succeeded in reaching Watty on the jaw until the ivories rattled again, and laying him out on mother earth.

4. Watty seemed more game than Tommy, who was evidently getting the worst. Watty let loose his right, which rested on Tommy's ribs, laying him out. Bets even on Watty.

5 and 6 were fought with the same result as the fourth round.

7. Tommy looking very gloomy, and Watty more cheerful. Tommy succeeded in planting his right on the smeller, drawing claret more freely than Watty wished for. Bets even.

8. Both seemed very much fatigued. Watty planted Tommy one in the ribs, which made him grin, and then Tommy let fly his left, which reached Watty's ribs, and sent him reeling. This round lasted 5 min. Bets even, but no takers.

9. Watty up first, and Tommy was rather gloomy. A deal of scrambling in this round, which ended in both going to grass, Tommy bottom.

10 and 11. Same results as round 9.

12. In this round a good deal of heavy hitting took place, Tommy receiving Watty's right on his left peeper, which was evidently fast swelling up.

13. In this round Tommy seemed a deal more game than Watty; he let loose his right, which succeeded in reaching Watty's jaws, and rattled the ivories, and then let fly his left on Watty's peeper, making a sad incision. Bets even on Tommy.

14. More scrambling was apparent in this than any other round, which ended in both going to grass, Watty under.

15. A deal of feinting in this round, Tommy first commencing business by letting fly on Watty's nose, drawing claret rather freely.

16, 17, and 18 were fought in the same manner.

19. Tommy was evidently getting the worst. Watty's right mawley doing great things on Tommy's ribs. Tommy's seconds wanted to throw up the sponge in token that their man was defeated, but he said he would have another round to settle it.

20 and last. Watty went in right and left, leaving his marks behind, and drawing claret rather freely. Tommy's seconds then threw up the sponge in token that their man was defeated; and so unequivocally was he defeated, that his seconds had to carry him out of the ring.

REMARKS.

We may remark that Tommy was totally unfit for the work, having been unwell for a great length of time previously; and Watty had the advantage of his man, by having the highest ground, and standing some three or four inches over his man. Watty had also been in training for six weeks under a noted pugilist from the neighborhood of Ellesmere. A more game pugilist than Tommy we should not wish to see, if he was trained a little more; we think, of the two, Tommy's was the best science. Watty has offered him £3 of the prize-money, and he has accepted the offer. The fight lasted one hour.—*Ibid*.

Denny Sullivan and Nat Langham's Black Diamond, for a Purse.—On Friday, Nov. 21, Denny Sullivan and Nat Langham's Black Diamond fought in the Home circuit. Denny was seconded by Job Cobley and Tom Bowers; the Black by Bob Webb and Old Smith. After fighting three good rounds in twenty-five minutes, the police interfered, and a move had to be made. The rest they had had enabled them to come into the second ring comparatively fresh, but there was not that eagerness shown to "get on" as in the first ring, both fighting cautiously; and although there was no lack of energy, still they did not get close enough to administer severe punishment. Round succeeded round, until one hour in the second ring had elapsed, and at that time the Black had the best of it, but he then fell off, and could not give his opponent the *coup de grace*. This enabled Sullivan, who fought very gamely, to recover in a measure, and another forty minutes' battling ensued, Jack being as good as his master, though the Black was the strongest of the two. Darkness was now fast coming on, and the referee told the men that if they could not finish the fight by the time they had been in the second ring two hours, he should declare it a draw. This announcement caused them to redouble their efforts for victory, and the seconds of both men urged them on; but on the expiration of the time named, neither man being beat, and so dark that they could scarcely see each other, the referee made them shake hands, and pronounced it a drawn battle, after fighting in all, sixty-seven rounds in 2 hours 25 minutes. The gentlemen present were so satisfied with the gameness displayed by the men, that they determined that each should have his share of the stakes, and deputed "old Nat" to hand them over the same.

Merry Mill Near Manchester.—On Monday, Nov. 17, the "fancy" from the neighborhood of Manchester mustered strongly at Dunford Bridge, to witness a mill between Alfred Owen, of Manchester, and Andy Boyle, of Hull, Boyle staking £12 to Owen's £10. Precisely at a quarter to nine in the morning, Dan Lomas having previously pitched his magic ring, both men shied their castors within it, Owen having for one of his seconds Billy Ferguson, of Manchester; whilst Andy Boyle was attended by Tim Brannan and Harry Carter. After selecting a well-known admirer of the "fistic art," from the Emerald Isle, for referee, the men at once came to the scratch, both, however, seeming far too fleshy. In the third round, Boyle drew first blood, the betting from this round being 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on him up to the 15th, Owen being down every time. In the 16th round, Boyle gave Owen a tremendous knock-down blow, and in the 18th, knocked him clean over the ropes. In the 22d round he repeated the dose, and in the 27th the referee was appealed to, from Owen having fallen several times. The referee's decision, however, was "fight on." Again, in the 40th round, Owen went down in a very suspicious manner; still the referee said the fight must proceed. In the 42d, 43d, and 44th, Boyle knocked Owen down every time. From this to the 62d round, Boyle gave him some severe right-hand body blows; time, 55 min. Again, in the 82d round, there was another appeal to the referee, from Owen going down. In the 89th and last round, Owen again fell, when the referee, having several times cautioned him, gave in against him, the fight having lasted one hour and twenty-three minutes.

Complimentary Benefit to Jemmy Welsh.—On Monday evening, Nov. 17, the spacious room of the Thatched House Tavern, Birmingham, in the occupation of Mat Collinson, was crammed to overflowing, to witness some good sparring; but so excellent were the arrangements, every person had a good view of passing events. Shortly after seven, the business of the evening commenced with the appearance of two novices in the roped arena, who had a very pretty set-to, immediately followed by Snob Cotter and George Shelley, whose illustration of the noble art was exceedingly good. Next came Dan Roberts's Darkey and Hogan, whose performances elicited great applause. Dan Crutchley and Nobby Hall put in an appearance, and highly delighted the spectators, who were enthusiastic in their admiration of these scientific boxers, and most justly so, as they exhibited the various points of attack and defence with consummate skill. Our old friend Posh Price (matched to fight Joe Goss) showed with his trainer, Jem Hodgkiss, and was received with much cheering. Jack Fox and Tom Brannan next had a very pretty set-to, followed by Peter Morris (champion of the feather-weights) and Jem Fox, who, both being exceedingly clever and quick with the gloves, greatly delighted the audience. The wind up, which was announced between Jemmy Welsh and Fred Fisher, was slightly altered from the programme, Fred's place being supplied by the worthy townsman, Bob Brettle, Fred at the same time being engaged at Joe Faulkner's benefit. It is but due, however, to Fred, to state that at the earliest possible moment he rushed down to the Thatched House, breathless with excitement, to render his services at the last moment. The proceedings, which were extended to a very late hour, terminated with the utmost satisfaction to all assembled.

Death of an Old Birmingham Pugilist.—Thursday, Nov. 18, witnessed the expiring breath of "Inney" Jones, and it is to be regretted that he has left a wife and family almost totally unprovided for.

Stiff-'Un and Oastler, for £20.—This fight, which was appointed to take place on Tuesday, Nov. 18, in the Norwich district, did not come off, in consequence of both men being bound over to keep the peace.

THE TURF.

TEN BROECK WINS THREE TIMES IN ONE DAY.

The American Horse Optimist "Rakes a Handicap."

The stable of the American Turf Representative, Mr. R. Ten Broeck, proved more than ordinarly successful at the Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting, winning three out of seven races they took part in, and securing second and third place in two others, the victories being won all in one day, and nearly in succession. If Mr. Ten Broeck is in anywise possessed of superstition in reference to lucky days, he will undoubtedly place a very big mark in his diary against Friday, Nov. 21. The meeting commenced on Tuesday, November 18, but neither of Mr. Ten Broeck's equine locomotives appeared until the following day, Wednesday, when Optimist didn't win the Shrewsbury Cup, although trying very hard for it, coming in sixth. We append brief particulars of the "go":—

Wednesday, Nov. 19.—The Shrewsbury Cup, (Handicap) value 200 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft; the second to save his stake; winners, &c., extra; about two miles.

Lord Courtenay names Earl of Surrey, by Kingston—Dinah, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb ....J. Grimshaw 1
Mr. Coates' Flirtation, by Idle Boy—Flirt, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb........Clement 2
Mr Mundy's Watchfire, by Voltigeur—Calcutta, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb........Whiteley 3
Mr Astley's Atherstone, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb........Ashmall 0
Lord Stamford's Dulcibella, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb, (including 5lb extra)........Edwards 0
Mr Morris' Balham, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb, (inc. 14lb entra)....Bullock 0
Mr Ten Broeck's Optimist, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb........Fordham 0
Mr Johnstone's Lady Ripon, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb........Challoner 0
Mr T Stevens' Shepherdess, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb, (including 7lb extra)........Pearson 0
Mr Jackson's Haddington, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb........Bateman 0
Mr Dawson's Tommy Jones, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb........Buck 0
Mr Smith's Alchymist, 5 yrs, 6st 9lb........Carroll 0
Mr Grimshaw's Silkstone, 3 yrs, 6 st 9 lb, (including 3lb extra)........Hardcastle 0
Mr Capel's Warminster, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb........Hunter 0
Mr Hodgman's Soothsayer, aged, 6st 3lb........Nightingal jun 0
Lord Wilton's West End, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb........H Grimshaw 0

Betting: 100 to 30 agst Atherstone, 9 to 2 agst Watchfire, 5 to 1 agst Optimist, 7 to 1 each agst Dulcibella and Earl of Surrey, 8 to 1 agst Balham, 100 to 8 each agst Soothsayer and Warminster, 100 to 7 agst Tommy Jones, and 100 to 6 agst West End. West End was the first to show in front, but in a few strides was deprived of the lead by Soothsayer, Balham going on third, Dulcibella and Earl of Surrey next, Atherstone, Shepherdess, and Optimist bringing up the rear. No change of importance occurred until making the turn for home, where Balham dropped away, and Flirtation and Watchfire drew towards the front division. They went on in this order to the distance, where Soothsayer compounded, and the Earl of Surrey took up the running, closely attended by Flirtation and Watchfire. No change in position took place after this, and the Earl, who held his lead to the finish, won very easily by three lengths; a length separated the second and third; Lady Ripon was fourth, West End fifth, Optimist sixth, and Silkstone seventh, the others all pulling up. Balham did not pass the post.

On the following day, Mr. Ten Broeck's name is appended to two events, as below given:—

Thursday, Nov. 20.—The Column Handicap of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 12 sovs each, 7 ft; winners extra; allowances, &c.; second to save his stake; about one mile and a quarter. 32 subs.

Mr Chadwick's Chas Fox, by Prime Minister—Vingt-'un, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb (inc 3lb extra)........Carroll 1
Mr W S Cartwright's Fairwater, by Loup-garou,—The Bloomer, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb........Fordham 2
Mr Ten Broeck's Amy, by Kingston—Desdemona, 4 yrs, 7st ....Bench 3
Mr Johnstone's Lady Ripon, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb (car 7st 7lb) ....H Grimshaw 4
Mr Hodgman's Libellous, 5 yrs, 7st 8lb........Challoner 0
Mr Riddle's Gardener, 7st 7lb (inc 10 ex)........Noble 0
Capt Bulkeley's Canary, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb........Judd 0
Mr Capel's Warminster, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb........Hunter 0
Mr Naylor's Colares, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb........A Woodhouse 0
Mr Richardson's Cock Robin 3 yrs (inc 3lb ex)........J Plumb 0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Libellous, 7 to 2 agst Gardener, 6 to 1 agst Lady Ripon, 7 to 1 agst Canary, 10 to 1 each agst Cock Robin and Fairwater, 100 to 8 agst Chas. Fox. Gardener made play, with Warminster second, Fairwater and Amy acting as whippers-in. On rounding the turn, the lot formed in Indian file, Gardener leading, Canary second, Warminster third, and Colares fourth; the last three being Fairwater, Lady Ripon, and Amy. They ran with little change to the turn into the straight, where Gardener and Canary compounded, and Chas. Fox took the lead, followed by Fairwater, Amy, and Lady Ripon. At the distance, the four closed, and a fine race ensued, which ended in favor of Chas. Fox by a head; the same distance divided the second, third, and fourth. Canary was fifth, Warminster sixth, Gardener seventh, Libellous eighth, Cock Robin ninth, and Colares last.

The Monkmoor Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, for two year olds and upwards; the second to save his stake; winners extra; allowances; the winner to be sold for £200; about half a mile.

Mr G Angell's East Sheen, by Kingston—Miss Slick, 4 yrs, 8st........Perry 1
Mr Bruce's, Peignoir, by Rataplan—Trousseau, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb, (inc. 7lb extra)........Challoner 2
Mr W S Cartwright's Trust, by Stockwell—Confidence, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb........J Grimshaw 3
Mr Ten Broeck's Maid of Honor, 4 yrs, 8st........Fordham 0
Mr Osborne's Goldseeker, 4 yrs, 8st (inc. 7lb ex.)....Whiteley 0
Mr Canter's Slingsby, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb........Harrison 0
Mr Stevens's Commander, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb........States 0
Mr Lincoln's Duplicity, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb........Williamson 0
Mr Hodgman's Don't Come Late, 2 yrs, 6st........Mordan 0
Mr Bell's Pupil, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (inc. 7lb extra)........Hobson 0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Duplicity, 3 to 1 agst East Sheen, 100 to 30 agst Maid of Honor, 8 to 1 agst Trust, 10 to 1 agst Peignoir, and 100 to 7 each agst Goldseeker and Witch of Endor. After considerable delay at the post, East Sheen got away in front, made all the running, and won easily by a length; half a length between second and third, Pupil was fourth, Duplicity was fifth, Goldseeker sixth, Maid of Honor seventh, and Slingsby last. The winner was bought in for 290 guineas.

Friday, Nov. 21.—A Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added; winners after the declaration of the weights, 7lb extra; one mile and a quarter.

Mr R Ten Broeck's Optimist, by Lexington—Benita's dam (bred in America), 5 yrs, 8st........Fordham 1
Mr W Nelson's c by Newminster—Gray Hen, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb........J Plumb 2
Mr Parry's Miss Hawthorn, by King Tom, dam by Jerry, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb........J Grimshaw 3
Mr T Stevens's Shepherdess, 4 yrs, 7st........Pearson 4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Optimist, and 3 to 1 agst the Gray Hen colt. The last named made most of the running to the T. Y. C. post, where Miss Hawthorn ran up alongside of Mr. Nelson's colt, and the two came on together into the straight, where Optimist shot to the front and won in a canter by a length and a half; Miss Hawthorn a bad third.

A Handicap Plate of 40 sovs. for two year olds and upwards; winners after the declaration of the weights, 7lb extra; five furlongs.

Mr. Bruce's Peignoir, by Rataplan—Trousseau, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb........G. Fordham 1
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Maid of Honor, by Prime Minister—Shunting, 4 yrs, 7st........Drew 2
Mr. Sly's Acton, by Knight of Avenel—Syringe's dam, 3 yrs, 6st........Noble 3
Mr. W. Nelson's Peahen, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb........J. Plumb 4
Mr. Osborne's Maid of the Mist, 6 yrs, 6st 12lb........Whiteley 0
Mr. Fish's Duplicity, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb........Ward 0
Mr. Priestley's Tom Sayers, 3 yrs, 6st........G. Prince 0
Mr. R. Law's Dunoon, 3 yrs, 6st........Nightingall 0
Mr. Antrobus's Mary, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb........A. Woodhouse 0
Mr. Johnson's Manbourquet, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb....J. Grimshaw 0
Mr. Brayley's c by Marsyas—Pearl, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb..E. Taylor 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Maid of Honor, 9 to 2 agst Maubourquet, 6 to 1 agst Peignoir, 8 to 1 each agst Maid of the Mist and Peahen. Duplicity cut out the work, with Peahen, Maubourquet, and Maid of Honor close up, until nearing the distance, where Peignoir, Maid of Honor, Acton, and Peahen, singled themselves out, and a fine race between the lot ended in favor of Peignoir by a neck; a head between the second and third, and the same between the third and fourth.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 25 added, for two years old, 8st 10lb each; the winner to be sold for £200; if entered, to be sold for £100, allowed 7lb; half a mile.

Mr R Ten Broeck's Dolphin, by Hesperus—Mermaid, 8st 3lb (£100)........G Fordham 1
Lord Stamford's Neilgherry, by The Cure—Nina, 8st 3lb (£100) ....Edwards 2
Lord Coventry's Kinsman, by Touchstone—My Niece, 8st 3lb (£100)........Challoner 3
Mr Handley's Declaration, 8st 3lb (£100)........H Grimshaw 4
Mr Stevens' Xenius, 8st 10lb........Payne 5

Betting: Even agst Dolphin, 5 to 2 agst Neilgherry, and 6 to 1 agst Declaration. Declaration was first off, and made running for the first two hundred yards, when Dolphin went to the front, accompanied by Neilgherry and Kinsman, and a fine race between the three ensued, the favorite winning, after a most exciting struggle, by a head; half a length divided the second and third. The winner was bought in for 240 guineas.

A Handicap of 40 sovs, for two-year olds and upwards; winners after the declaration of the weights, 7lb extra; one mile.

Mr R Ten Broeck's Amy, by Kingston—Desdemona, 4 yrs, 7st ....Bench 1
Mr W Nelson's Paressense, by Idle Boy—Calot, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb ....J Plumb 2
Mr G Bryan's Welland, by Augur—Sackbut, 3 yrs, 8st ....T French 3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Amy, and 6 to 4 agst Welland. Paressense made play, with a clear lead, the other two lying abreast until entering the straight, and the three came on together to the distance, where Amy quitted her horses, and won easily by a length and a half; three lengths separated the second and third.

Rackets in Ireland.—A match at rackets came off at Cork during the week ending November 15, in the Royal Racket Court, Duncan street, for £10 a side, between Cornelius Murphy, marker of that court, and Richard Armstrong, marker of St. John's Lane Racket Court, Dublin. The conditions of the match were, that ten games should be played in Cork and ten in Dublin. If the result was that both were equal, the match was to be decided in a court strange to each competitor. The attendance of spectators was good, and a great deal of interest was manifested in the contest. The playing commenced at one o'clock, and terminated at half-past three, when the Cork man was victorious, having won six games out of the ten. The playing on both sides was really excellent, both competitors doing full justice to their training. The following is the score:—First game, won by Cork, 11 to 4; 2d, set at 9 all, and won by Cork at 5 love on the set; 3d, won by Cork, 11 to 2; 4th, set at 10 all, and won by Cork at 5 love on the set; 5th, won by Cork at 11 to 7; 6th, set won by Dublin, 5 love on the set; 7th, won by Dublin, 11 to 4; 8th, won by Cork, 11 to 5; 9th, won by Dublin, 11 to 8; 10th, won by Dublin. 11 to 7. The other ten games were to be played in Dublin on Nov. 27th.

Cricket Legislation.—Amendments in the laws of cricket, particularly in bowling, will, in all probability, be made before next season, through or by a convention of representatives from the Marylebone and county clubs. The following questions are now being discussed:—

"1. Is it desirable to retain in the laws of cricket the restriction which has so long existed on the height of the hand bowling?

"2. If not, would it be desirable to omit from Law 10 all reference to the height of the hand, either at the moment of delivery, or previous to delivery?

"3. If some restriction ought to be maintained, is the wording of Law 10 sufficient for the purpose, provided umpires will do their best to enforce its provisions?

"4. If any change in the wording of Law 10 should be considered desirable, should the tendency of such change be towards greater or less strictness in reference to the bowler's hand?

"5. Is it likely that under any state of the case, clubs generally would agree to support those umpires who endeavor to carry out the spirit of the laws of cricket to the best of their judgment?"

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EDWIN FORREST,
Will for
THE LAST TIME THIS SEASON,
appear in his
GRAND AND POWERFUL IMPERSONATION OF
THE CARDINAL DUKE,
in Bulwer's great play of
RICHELIEU.
MR. WHEATLEY.....as.....ADRIEN DE MAUPRAT
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 8, 1862.
RICHELIEU.
EDWIN FORREST.....as.....RICHELIEU
Adrien de Mauprat.....Mr. W. Wheatley
Baradas.....Mr. L. R. Shewell
Julie.....Mrs. J. H. Allen
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....Mr. HARVEY B. DODWORTH
TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 9, 1862.
MATILDA HERON
WILL MAKE HER FIRST APPEARANCE
In the new play of
EDITH; OR, THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1862.
EDWIN FORREST.
WILL APPEAR FOR THE LAST TIME,
in the great Indian Tragedy of
METAMORA.
Due notice will be given of
THE LAST REPRESENTATION OF
SPARTACUS.
The performance will commence at 7½; Doors open at 7 o'clock.

A CARD—
TO MANAGERS, ACTORS AND AUTHORS.
The undersigned has reason to believe that there is in existence, one or more so-called dramatizations or adaptations for the stage, of Mrs. Henry Wood's novel, "EAST LYNNE, OR THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," which, in their dramatic action, are undisguised adaptations, or mere elaborations of the ORIGINAL situations and scenic arrangements of the five act play entitled "EAST LYNNE, OR THE ELOPEMENT," adapted from the said novel, in April, 1862, by Clifton W. Tayleure, Esq., of the Baltimore bar, expressly for the undersigned, and the remarkable success of which has, perhaps, induced the preparation of that or those plays which unquestionably violate her legal right, and the etiquette of the profession and society. During the engagements of the undersigned, this season, she has had the honor of performing *her* play of "East Lynne," in Baltimore, to large assemblages, larger than has been in any theatre in that city for years. And at Grover's Theatre, where she is now performing, (now in her sixth week,) it has been performed fourteen times to the most crowded and brilliant audiences of the season. She had not imagined that any one would be so unprincipled as to attempt to violate the right guaranteed her by law, by producing spurious copies of her play; but now, having evidence that a party, or parties, are determined to deceive the public, she HEREBY CAUTIONS all Managers and Actors, generally, against any infringement on her right, covered by the copyright of "EAST LYNNE, OR THE ELOPEMENT," and promises that such infringements will be prosecuted promptly and to the extent of the law, against each and all of the parties who may be responsible for the wrong. Respectfully,
LUCILLE WESTERN.
Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., Dec. 4, 1862. 35-1t

CORINTHIAN HALL,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
This Hall, having been greatly improved and fitted expressly to accommodate all kinds of exhibitions, Agents and Managers will find it to their interest, (if moderate terms, accommodation and location are an object,) to call and examine before engaging elsewhere. Apply or address CHARLES R. WRIGHT,
No. 1 Corinthian Hall.
☞ TO MY FRIENDS IN THE EXHIBITION BUSINESS.—This certifies that I have used CORINTHIAN HALL, in this city, for three days, for Dollie Dutton's Levees. About three thousand persons have attended her six Levees here in three days, in very close times and bad weather. I cheerfully, and without being asked, bear my testimony to the popularity of Corinthian Hall. In traveling in the exhibition business for twelve years, I have never had more attention, or prompt attendance at any hall than at Corinthian Hall. Those who have ever used Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., and received the gentlemanly attentions of W. A. Reynolds, Esq., proprietor of Corinthian Hall, Rochester, will know just what kind of attention they will receive here from the gentlemanly agent of Corinthian Hall, Mr. Charles R. Wright. I cordially recommend Corinthian Hall to all desiring to use one of the two fine and popular halls in Syracuse.
ALBERT NORTON, Manager for Dollie Dutton.
E. M. EUSTIS, Agent.
Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 29; 1863. 35-1t*

A WARNING TO THE TRAVELING PROFESSION.—Having exhibited at Springfield, (Ill.,) my Agent, as usual, made an agreement at an Hotel to keep my Troupe at so much per day; when we left, the landlord of the "Owen House" charged us 50 per cent more than he agreed to keep us for. My Agent having gone, and having no written contract, I paid the bill. Show folks, shun the Owen House when you visit Springfield. J. HENEAGE CARTER,
35-1t* Manager Zouave Sisters.

FOX & SPENCER.
The undersigned invite attention to the fact that they have established a SAMPLE ROOM,
at 512 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
CHARLEY FOX,
GEO. F. WHITNEY,
35-3t* A. R. SPENCER.

MINSTRELS WANTED.—From six to ten first-class Minstrel performers wanted. For address, call or send to the CLIPPER OFFICE, New York. 35-2t

BANJO TAUGHT IN BROOKLYN, by CHAS. E. DOBSON, 347 Fulton street. Terms moderate. Twelve Written Lessons, something entirely new, sent to any address on receipt of One Dollar. One of Dobson Bros. celebrated Banjos sent to any part of the country on receipt of $10. 35-2t*

EMMA WALLER, THE EMINENT TRAGIC ACTRESS, closed a brilliant engagement at Providence, on the 6th, and will give six representations at the People's Theatre, Hartford, Conn., commencing Monday, Dec. 8th. W. COWELL,
35-1t* Agent.

TO THEATRICAL AND CIRCUS MANAGERS.—FOR SALE, one of the finest Theatres in the United States, in one of the three great cities. The above establishment cost $180,000; it has been built seven years; it now leases for $150 per week. There are seven Stores under the building, all occupied. It covers 1200 feet of ground, which is worth $7.00 per foot. Apply to J. CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway, New York, up stairs. 35-1t*

THEATRICALS.—WANTED, immediately, for the safest manager in the country, 1st old lady and gent; also, walking lady, gent, chambermaid, danseuse, etc. Apply at 614½ Broadway, up stairs. J. CONNER, Agent. 35-1t*

OUR LETTER BOX.
☞ We have letters for Miss Sallie Bishop; W. S. Crawford, Miss Julia Daly, R. S. Manuel, Prof. J. H. Siddons, Miss Carrie Knight, Wm. F. Smith, Warren Boardwell, Colonel T. Allston Brown, Gustave Bidaux, and a London letter for Tony Denier.

CITY SUMMARY.
NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
OUR friends who wish their favors to appear in the CLIPPER should bear in mind that the most certain method by which to attain that end is to address their letters to "FRANK QUEEN, NEW YORK CLIPPER." When addressed otherwise, or to other parties, who may have been, or may be now employed in our office, there is a possibility of their going astray. By some such means, correspondence written especially for the NEW YORK CLIPPER has recently found its way into other papers with which we have nothing whatever to do. We have taken measures, however, to stop the leak, and we ask the co-operation of our friends in making our "position impregnable" against those "gentlemen" of the press who have been conniving at the theft of our ammunition. Into the field of theatrical or show intelligence, we welcome all honorable competitors; but we detest the spies who sneak around us to filch away from us the little business we have fairly and honestly built up. The press throughout the country is welcome to whatever items they may choose to cull from our well-stored columns, but we respectfully request that no one will be so mean or so little as to hire people to pilfer our special correspondence before it has appeared in our own paper. This has been done within the last two or three weeks. We trust it will not be repeated. It is a fraud upon us, and a fraud upon those who wish their movements chronicled in the CLIPPER, the organ of the profession, which circulates wherever an actor, an actress, a showman, or minstrel has a footing. Our correspondence is more extensive, as regards theatrical and show news, than all other papers combined. We have the confidence and the assistance of the profession, and they look upon the CLIPPER as a directory of amusements, and of people who furnish us with amusements; and whatever illegitimate means are resorted to by those envious of our success, to divert our correspondence from its proper channel, cannot but tend to injure the profession.
To avoid any further difficulty of the kind referred to, and to prevent parties of a crafty, mercurial temperament from tampering with our "sources of supply," our correspondents will here-

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after please remember to address communications or items which they intend to appear in the CLIPPER, to—"FRANK QUEEN, NEW YORK CLIPPER," and then they will come direct into our hands, and receive prompt and proper attention.

A letter, a programme, clippings from papers, anything to denote the whereabouts of our theatrical, minstrel, circus, concert, and other friends, enclosed in an envelope, and directed to us, as above, will receive attention; and in this way, the profession will be kept advised of all movements going on in the world of amusements. Don't mind if you can't write well or make use of big words; all we want are the facts. *We'll* make them ship-shape. Give us reliable items, and nothing else.

MONDAY, Dec. 8, 1862.

There was a slight falling off in business, at most places of amusement, last week, as compared with the week previous, when Thanksgiving gave them all such a friendly lift; still, taking the bad weather into consideration, the houses were good, and some of them profitable. Taken altogether, the season thus far has been remarkably good. New York managers are not alone in their good fortune; we have favorable reports from all parts of the country, and managers hardly know what to make of it themselves. Before the season opened, prospects were gloomy; managers knew not how to trim their sails, and the "people" began to wonder whether they would be able to get their usual rations this winter. They were so anxious to secure engagements, that managers formed their companies with an unusually small salary schedule. All looked for disastrous times, but all have been most agreeably disappointed. A better season has not been known for many years, and managers are in their glory. The "people" are no better off by the good business being done, except that their salaries are more sure to turn up on pay day. Look over the various departments in this record, and observe the glad tidings we bring. To be sure, some little allowance must be made for the enthusiasm or extravagance of some of our correspondents, but, look at it as we may, the season of 1862-3 has thus far exceeded all expectations.

Those favorite delineators of Irish and Yankee characters, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, enter upon the fourth week of their Winter Garden engagement this evening, (8th inst). We strolled in, on the 3d inst., to take a look at the "Irish folks," and see the play. The performances of Mr. and Mrs. W., in England, Ireland, and America, have been so often eulogised by the CLIPPER and other journals, that it is sufficient to say they improve as they increase in years. They are being pretty well supported now. In "Ireland As It Was," etc., produced on the evening we were present, Mr. Davidge, Mr. G. W. Clarke, and Mr. Delmon Grace, greatly contributed to the excellence of the cast. The frequent allusions to the sufferings of Ireland created much feeling, and the wrongs she has endured were so pathetically portrayed as to elicit the most enthusiastic applause. The house was full, but not crowded. This week we are to have a change of programme, including "An Hour In Seville," in which Mrs. W. assumes a dozen or more characters.

Speaking of the Irish calls up a sort of quarrel that took place in front of one of the east side theatres last week between a couple of natives of the "Gem of the Sea." The subject of the dispute was the shooting of the late Tom Byrnes; one party insisting that it served him right, and the other party urging that Sullivan should swing for it. Words ran high, and at last one called the other a d— Irish son of a —. In a flash, the man who uttered the words was down, knocked almost insensible. Men oftentimes use language, in the heat of passion, which they never intend to use. No man cares to have such epithets applied to him as that spoken of; they are always sure to provoke bad blood, and end in a knock down. A story is told of an Irishman who was giving his testimony in a police court, in regard to a shindy wherein he had been assaulted by a fellow Irishman, when the following dialogue between defendant's counsel and witness set the audience in a roar, in spite of the frequent raps of the Court," and calls to order: *Counsel*—"Now, sir, will you deliberately state, *on your oath*, that you did not call the defendant a d—d Irish s—n of a b—h?" *Witness*—"How *could* I say that, your Honor, when I'm one meself."

The following performers left New York on the 1st inst. to join the forces at the New Memphis Theatre:—Misses Carrie and Minnie Lester, Miss Adrian, Miss Burnett, J. M. Brucciani, Wm. Sefton (scenic artist), and J. F. Crossin. In a few days the young and dashing comedienne, Miss Annie Mowbray, will also leave for the same destination.

Notwithstanding the intense cold of Saturday evening last, there was a large and brilliant audience in attendance at Wood's Minstrels. Once in this magnificent little temple, all thoughts of winter are at once dispelled, for the hall is warm and comfortable; plants are in full foliage in the avenue leading to the auditorium, and, as if to make the illusion complete, a number of song birds warble their sweet notes, whose silvery tones ring shrill and loud throughout this minstrel hall. Among the recent additions to Mr. Wood's company, is Mr. Frank Converse, the great banjo player. For execution, and the performance of difficult changes on that curious instrument, we have never heard any one to surpass Converse. Frank converses with it and handles it as though he had been brought up with it. He plays upon it with one hand while it is swinging like the pendulum of an old time piece; he imitates Trinity Church chimes, the hurdy-gurdy, etc., and while playing a melody on the banjo with his left hand, he keeps up an accompaniment with the bones in his right. They say Dobson is very clever on the banjo, but we have never yet heard him. Converse is the best we have heard. A pleasing feature of the ballads and choruses of this troupe, are the beautiful and truly artistic instrumental accompaniments, principal of which are Haslem's mellow-toned flute, and Garatagua's cornopeon. Charley Fox, Eph Horn, and Frank Brower furnish just sufficient fun to make the sentimental parts the more enjoyable, and properly season the entire programme.

Our new orator, Mason Jones, has managed to draw large audiences, both to our Academy and to the Brooklyn shanty. On the 4th, in this city, he lectured on Dean Swift, and a good many of the "boys" attended, thinking it was Owen Swift, the boxer, he was to talk about. The pugs saw the name of Swift on the bills, and never once dreamed that there could be any other Swift but the boxer worth talking about; so they "went in," but as they could not reconcile the "learned speaker's" remarks with "chancery," "upper cuts," "counters," "cross counters," and such light practice, they came to the conclusion that Mr. Mason Jones had forgotten his Swift lecture, and got hold of some slow, old fogy concern. Should brother Jones take "Owen" for a subject, and give the boys just one night, we can guarantee him a very "large and discriminating audience," with "a gentlemanly and indefatigable treasurer" thrown in. What do you say, Jonesy? Is it a go?

Many a pale face entered the wigwam of Metamora, last week, to see Mr. Forrest in his great Indian character. It was given three nights to large audiences, and will be repeated this week, on the 10th. Mr. J. C. McCullough gave able assistance to the great tragedian. This young and rising actor is coming into great favor in this city, and ere long will be one of our leading men of tragic business. On the 9th, the new play of "Edith, or the Earl's Daughter," is to be produced, with Miss Heron in the principal part. This play is founded on Mrs. Wood's excellent story entitled "East Lynne," one of the most absorbing works of fiction ever written. If the play shall prove but a tithe as interesting as the story, it must be a success.

Miss Kate Fisher left this city on the 5th inst., for Toronto, where she is to appear on the 8th.

Grau and his opera troupe have shut down on Brooklyn, his losses over there being unendurable, and of no manner of use. The attendance during the short season was very meagre, the two hundred free stockholders contributing the most towards making up the audiences. Even the new opera of Dinorah failed to draw out the paying public. Miss Heron's Camille attracted much larger houses. In the same ratio we think a troupe of model artists would crowd the Brooklyn Academy to its utmost capacity. Poor Grau; he has our sympathies, and three dollars towards defraying the funeral expenses.

Harry Gilbert, a young American pantomimist, is in the city, disengaged at present. Who'll have him? Not you, girls, but the managers.

Talking of pantomimes, makes us think of Christmas and all the good things provided for holiday amusements. Mr. Lingard, of the New Bowery, has taken time by the top knot, and brings out a bran new pantomimic spectacle this evening. The subject is the ever popular Jack Sheppard, and the pantomime is called "Harlequin Jack Sheppard, or All Right, my Covey." Mr. Foster, the great getter up of show pieces, superintends the production of this piece, Mr. Lingard giving him authority to bring it out "regardless of expense," or to speak more refinedly and "distinctually," he gave Foster a *carte-blanche*—mind, boys, this is none of your common carts—to do as he pleased. And we understand that between manager and man they have gotten up a magnificent spectacle, full of tricks, traps, flippers, flappers, and all the fun and catastrophes that go to make up a pantomimic show for the holidays. The cast is as follows:—Jack Sheppard, afterwards Clown, Tony Denier; Blueskin, afterwards Pantaloon, Geo. Brooks; Jonathan Wild, afterwards the Sprite, H. Foster; Thames Darrel, afterwards Harlequin, W. Stanton; Winnifred Wood, afterwards Columbine, Miss Julia Christine; Industry, Mrs. W. G. Jones. In England, the pantomime season is always looked forward to with the greatest delight, by young and old. In London, every theatre produces its new pantomime with the opening of the Christmas holidays, and some of the spectacles are of the most magnificent description. Let us have more pantomimes here.

We looked in again at Laura Keene's on the 4th, to see how "Blondette" was getting along. There was a full house—comfortably full. The spectacle does not improve upon acquaintance. The scenery is all that could be desired, and there an end. The dialogue is bad, the acting correspondingly bad, and even the little angel in the last scene is bad. The little thing seems undecided as to a proper disposition of its legs and feet, and they are worked into anything else but an angelic shape. Mrs. Sedley Brown will not enhance her reputation much in this piece. Her medley duet with Miss Burke is passable; there is so much in the piece that is insipid, that we are glad of an opportunity to pick out two or three possible exceptions, and call them good. "The Perfect Cure," song and dance, is among these exceptions, and that is tolerably fair. It is actually asserted that it took three

On Wednesday, Dec. 3, Othello was given at the Stadt Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Steglich, to a densely packed house. The critics pronounce the Desdemona of Madame Methua Schaller in every respect a true delineation of Shakespeare's intended character. With her "Willow Song" she moved the audience to tears. The acting throughout was uniform and correct; so were the dresses she wore. Mr. Scherer's Iago gained him tremendous applause. Mr. Hoym's Othello was not good. Madame Steglich's Emilia was excellent.

men to write this new play. We doubt it; but if true, then they must have had their hands tied behind them, or escaped from some insane asylum. It will run over the holidays, perhaps.

You know what a sample room is, don't you? Its a place where the inner man is refreshed, where you are at liberty to test or sample the various beverages which delight, but do not intoxicate unless the sampler may be too heavy on the touch and taste. Well, our minstrel friend, Charley Fox, one of the favorite comedians at Wood's Minstrels, has just opened a "Sample Room" at No. 512 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Tavern, as our country visitors delight in calling it. Charley has associated with him two clever, whole-souled fellows, Geo. F. Whitney and A. R. Spencer. There is a yarn going around about Whitney, but as *we* don't believe it, we'll just put it on the record to see if any of our readers know anything about it. It appears that there was a little "house-warming" at the Sample Room the other evening, and we presume that some of those who attended this "house-warming" must have got a little overheated. Certain it is, that Whitney stepped outside to cool himself, and being missed by his companions they instituted a search for him, and sure enough there he was seated on a stoop in Broadway, with a gash in his face, from which the blood was oozing, and himself the very picture of wretchedness. It is *thought* that the unfortunate man must have stumbled against a lamp post, curb stone, cellar door, or something of the sort, and thus injured himself; but, on being questioned, he stoutly maintained that while he was soberly and steadily wending his way to his virtuous couch, a most unprovoked and vicious assault was made upon him by some cowardly ruffian, with the intent to rob. After a short confinement, Mr. W. has resumed the active duties of his profession, that of a Sampler; but it is thought the injuries he received on that eventful night must have affected his mental faculties, for he is frequently noticed gazing wildly upward, and strangely murmuring "What Was It?" This is thought to have reference to the weapon with which he is supposed to have been struck. As the long unsolved query of "What Is It?" has passed into oblivion, circumstances have now brought before the public another and far more important problem, which they are called upon to solve—"What Was It?" To aid our friends and the public in their investigations, it may be well to mention that it was either a "mallet or a club." Further particulars can be ascertained at the Sample Room of "Fox & Spencer," No. 512 Broadway.

George Christy and his late partner Mr. Briggs have dissolved, and vacated the hall lately occupied by their minstrels. The speculation was, no doubt, a losing concern, as nearly everything has been that ever occupied the "French Theatre," as it was called. The Buckleys—who had been making some money at another hall on Broadway, determined to strike out, and make a splurge; so they built this new place, which finally swamped them. The French folks got hold of it, and it proved their grave yard; other shows came and went, and finally it was taken by George Christy's Minstrels, who stood the storm as long as they could, and then went under; or, at least, vamosed the French ranche. George says he is on a tour "previous to opening his new opera house." How *are* you, new opera house?

No change to note of Wallack's. They are still doing well with their comedies, which are all well performed, and placed on the stage in the excellent manner which characterises this house.

Grau finds that he cannot do any better, and he means to give us a few more representations of "Dinorah." It is said that Brignoli improves in his *role*, and actually tries to be funny in it. Who'd a thunk it of the handsome tenor. Just imagine Brig. as a low comedy man. Isn't it a lark. We are to have "Dinorah" to-night, 8th, and a cheap night to-morrow, the 9th—only 50 cents a go to see Norma. *Nota Bene*—Reserved seats—and they are nearly all reserved—50 cents extra. But still, its a "cheap night."

G. L. Fox is doing very well with his pantomimes at the Old Bowery.

The Colleen Bawn has been revived at Barnum's Museum.

Dr. Spalding is about to send the dwarfs Com. Foote and Small to New Orleans. They are looked for in this city during the present week. They will be accompanied by one or two specimens of the giant family.

At Bryant's, continued prosperity is noticeable, and the same pleasing style of entertainments which have made this band so popular. "Running the Blockade" is the *piece de circonstance*—as they say in French lingo—this week.

American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, is beginning to look like itself again. Among the talent now engaged there, may be mentioned Miss Kitty Blanchard, a sprightly little lady, and a general favorite; Ella Wisner, Mary Blake, Ida Ross, Fanny Archer, M'lle Bogert, M'lle Bertha; Charley White, Fattie Stewart, H. W. Eagan, T. G. Riggs, Johnny Wild, J. Gainor, Dick Busteed, W. W. Pierce, and Master Tommy.

Mr. E. Bowers has been added to the already excellent company composing Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn. Mr. Hooley expects to take possession of his new hall in February.

Campbell's Minstrels have done their best to popularize minstrelsy on the west side, but the folks over there are hard to be got at. It is probable that the Campbells will leave them alone in their glory after this week.

Show people who want printing done neatly, expeditiously, and at reasonable rates, will please remember that Clarry & Reilly's establishment, where most of the illuminated and ornamental work is done for the profession, is No. 12 and 14 Spruce street.

Mr. Ullman proves conclusively by the documents, that engagements were made with Titiens and Ristori, but as it was optional with him to play them here this year or next, he concluded to defer their appearance in this country until the fall season of 1863.

The child pianist, Miss Teresa Carreno, gave her fourth concert at Irving Hall, Dec. 4th, assisted by Miss Annie Salembier, and Messrs. Theodore Thomas, F. Eben, and William Castle. Irving Hall is in Lexington Avenue, opposite the Academy of Music; it isn't everybody knows this. They charged fifty cents and a dollar to hear the infant prodigy—full house, nevertheless. We are not favorably disposed to this forcing process, as, in nine cases out of ten, when these wonders have done growing, they go out like a burnt-up candle. Miss Carreno may prove an exception—we hope she will. Select concerts, any how, are generally tame affairs—so was this. As a starter, a little, fat, dark man, marched forth and laid violent hands on one of Chickering's "pianners." After him came F. Eben, with a flute: he looked as if he didn't care a cuss for nobody, but stood running his fingers rapidly over the holes while the man at the piano played an interlude. His fluting was very high-falute-in—ever so much higher than Dan Bryant could go: it was a solo he got off. The little wonder, Teresa, followed with a "nocturne" on Chickering—or his instrument; she certainly played extraordinarily for an eight year old, rivalling nine tenths of the old folks, "who ought to know better." Miss Carreno is a dark complexioned little senorita, with a flashing black eye, brought up to execute all the most difficult, and consequently least interesting selections from the great masters. No more forcible proof of their ill-adaptation to the popular ear is needed than we saw, to wit, over a dozen of the high-fangled and discriminating audience in the land of Nod: yes, sleepers were on every side of us, one old cove with a skinned head actually tumbling half off his seat. That don't argue much for our "best society," does it? Another of the artists, William Castle, pupil of Signor Abello, sang "Louisa Miller," not comic, but operatic. Theodore Thomas got off a violin solo, from the "Favorita," which he played well. Miss Salembier's (or "Sell 'em beer") "Why do I Weep for Thee," a fine song, didn't add much to the show, from an alarming amount of bashfulness: she's a fine-looking young lady, and *can* sing if she had the courage. All hands were encored in the first part, but not in the second. Little Carreno appeared seven times! That such exertion is beneficial we don't believe; it is absolute cruelty to make the poor little thing go through so onerous a task, and the "upper ten" should be held responsible.

We regret to learn that Mr. Wm. Christy, son of the late E. P. Christy, is lying at the point of death, at the Planter's Hotel, Broadway, near Bleecker street, in this city. Mr. Christy has been confined to his bed for the past six weeks, his disease being hasty consumption. He is now but a mere shadow, and is said to be fast failing. He is well known in the minstrel profession, having travelled in various sections of the country for the last few seasons. He last performed, we believe, in Brooklyn.

Geo. Gray, the favorite ballad singer of Campbell's Minstrels, is to have a benefit at Palace Music Hall, where the troupe is performing, on Saturday afternoon and evening, Dec. 13. He intends to offer a well selected programme, and it is probable that some volunteers, in addition to the regular company, will appear.

A building is in course of erection in Brooklyn to be called the Aquarial Gardens. It will combine an exhibition of aquaria, a museum, and a handsome dramatic saloon, or "lecture-room," as Brother Phineas will probably call it. The building will front on Fulton street, opposite the City Hall, running through to Adams street, covering the lots on Fulton street, 57 by 60 feet, and on Adams street, 94 by 62 feet, giving a depth of 122 feet. The front on Fulton street is to be of that rich brown stone called Nova Scotia, or Dorchester stone, and of a mixed order of architecture, with a predominance of the modernized Grecian. The lecture room is to occupy the second story of the building on Adams street, and will be a fine room, 92 by 58 feet. The stage will be 30 feet deep, and the curtain 32 feet wide. On each side of the stage will be private boxes, and around the room a fine suspended gallery, there being no pillars to obstruct the view. The ceiling, 35 feet high, will admit of another gallery if it is deemed advisable to change it, to accommodate more. The room will hold, according to the present plans, 1,500. The parquet will be circular, with an unusually large orchestra in front of the stage. The dress circle under the gallery will be raised above the parquet. This will be one of the prettiest and most complete rooms, for amusement of all kinds, in Brooklyn. It is to be heated by steam, and ventilated by the most approved plans. The cost of the grounds and building will be about $85,000. It is an enterprise that the proprietor will reap a rich reward from, and have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done more than any individual in that city for public amusements.

Shortly after the opening of the Brooklyn Academy, Thursday evening, for the introduction of the new opera of "Dinorah," as one of the workmen was engaged over the stage in the upper part of the building, he discovered one of the drop curtains on fire, and the blaze rose up furiously. It commenced far up under the rafters. He immediately cut the ropes, and letting the scene fall upon the stage, smothered the fire. The fire is supposed to have communicated from the gas to a gauze drop curtain, which hung directly behind the drop scene, and communicated to the other. They were both so badly damaged as to be entirely useless for the future.

DRAMATIC.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR friends who wish their favors to appear in the CLIPPER should bear in mind that the most certain method by which to attain that end is to address their letters to "FRANK QUEEN, NEW YORK CLIPPER." When addressed otherwise, or to other parties, who may have been, or may be now employed in our office, there is a possibility of their going astray. By some such means, correspondence written especially for the NEW YORK CLIPPER has recently found its way into other papers with which we have nothing whatever to do. We have taken measures, however, to stop the leak, and we ask the co-operation of our friends in making our "position impregnable" against those "gentlemen" of the press who have been conniving at the theft of our ammunition. Into the field of theatrical or show intelligence, we welcome all honorable competitors: but we detest the spies who sneak around us to filch away from us the little business we have fairly and honestly built up. The press throughout the country is welcome to whatever items they may choose to cull from our well-stored columns, but we respectfully request that no one will be so mean or so little as to hire people to pilfer our special correspondence before it has appeared in our own paper. This has been done within the last two or three weeks. We trust it will not be repeated. It is a fraud upon us, and a fraud upon those who wish their movements chronicled in the CLIPPER, the organ of the profession, which circulates wherever an actor, an actress, a showman, or minstrel has a footing. Our correspondence is more extensive, as regards theatrical and show news, than all other papers combined. We have the confidence and the assistance of the profession, and they look upon the CLIPPER as a directory of amusements, and of people who furnish us with amusements; and whatever illegitimate means are resorted to by those envious of our success, to divert our correspondence from its proper channel, cannot but tend to injure the profession.

To avoid any further difficulty of the kind referred to, and to prevent parties of a crafty, mercurial temperament from tampering with our "sources of supply," our correspondents will hereafter please remember to address communications or items which they intend to appear in the CLIPPER, to—"FRANK QUEEN, NEW YORK CLIPPER," and then they will come direct into our hands, and receive prompt and proper attention.

A letter, a programme, clippings from papers, anything to denote the whereabouts of our theatrical, minstrel, circus, concert, and other friends, enclosed in an envelope, and directed to us, as above, will receive attention; and in this way, the profession will be kept advised of all movements going on in the world of amusements. Don't mind if you can't write well or make use of big words: all we want are the facts. *We'll* make them ship-shape. Give us reliable items, and nothing else.

W. J. Cogswell, comedian, formerly of the Rochester and Buffalo theatres, but now of the 163d Regiment N. Y. S. V., is lying sick in Trinity Hospital, Washington, D. C. We hope his friends will put themselves in communication with him at once.

Manager Ellsler, of the Cleveland Theatre, is about to branch out, having leased the theatre in Columbus, Ohio. It is thought the Columbus house will be opened on or about the 1st of January. "Roscius," our Cleveland correspondent, says Mr. Ellsler will give the Columbus folks a good company and a good entertainment.

Miss Charlotte Thompson has been the card at the theatre in Cleveland. "Roscius" says:—She came unheralded, and almost unknown, but has nightly won new friends, and made herself quite a favorite. She has played in "Camille," "Romeo and Juliet," "Victorine," etc., etc. On the 1st she commenced her second week, with her translation of "Fanchon."

Mr. and Mrs. Florence are to be the next stars at the Cleveland house.

Garry Hough's dramatic troupe opened in Auburn, N. Y., last week.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, has had Miss Alice Placide as the attraction, but the business has not been good. "Sweet Alice" may meet with a better reward elsewhere.

Miss Maggie Mitchell has been doing well in Louisville, Ky. "Fanchon" continues to be Maggie's "right bower." Miss Maggie enters upon an engagement at the St. Louis Theatre, this evening; 8th inst. She has generally met with favor in St. Louis.

Miss Fanny B. Price and Mr. D. Hanchett closed their engagement of twelve nights at Oswego, Dec. 1st, appearing as Hamlet and Ophelia. They commenced an engagement of six nights at Rochester on the 2d, opening in Ingomar.

Overtures have been made to our correspondent, A. Watson Atwood (better known to our readers as "Wattie Rusher,") to dramatise Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," for representation on the stage. We understand that Mr. A. has already dramatised several popular works of the day. He is a young man, a native of Philadelphia, and a great admirer of all that pertains to the proper development of our dramatic resources.

Mr. J. S. Clarke will probably remain at the Arch, Philadelphia, the balance of the year. There seems to be a perfect mania in Philadelphia to see Clarke, now that he is a star. When he was only one of the managers of the Arch, not a great while back, he did not create such a *furore*. Can any one account for this great change?

Two little dramatic temples are said to be in operation in Oswego, N. Y., O'Hara's company being in the new Manard Hall. Miss Georgiana Page is his card. The place does not appear to do well, though; a correspondent writes that he cannot see how O'Hara can manage to pay a man to shift the flies and haul up the curtain.....Garry Hough's company had been playing at Music Hall, and Miss Fanny B. Price is Garry's star. On the 28th, she appeared as Zoe, in the Octoroon, to Mr. D. Hanchett's "Indian." It is *thought* that there was a paying audience present. With the aid of complimentary tickets, however, it seems almost impossible to fill either house. Oswego is somewhat slew on the theatrical platform.

On the occasion of T. J. Carey's recent benefit at the Louisville Theatre, Mr. B. Macauley did King James, in the "King of the Commons," and was "called out." Our correspondent neglects to inform us whether the King was "called out" to "take something," or to receive the applause of his friends. Like all impartial juries, however, we "give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt," and record a verdict in his favor.

Miss Laura Honey was engaged for another week by Manager Linden, of the Toronto Theatre. This made the third week of her appearance there. She must have pleased, to have remained there so long.

"Peep o' Day," or "Savourneen Deelish," has had a good run at the St. Louis, last week being the second of its performance. "Seneca," of date Dec. 2, says—The house has been well filled every night since this piece was produced. Mr. and Mrs. Conway have reason to be pleased with their present engagement, and I presume they are, judging from the sentiments embodied in a brief speech, made in answer to a call before the curtain on the occasion of their joint benefit on Friday night, the 28th ult. Mr. Thomas Connor has made a very strong hit in this piece, in Mullin. As I have before remarked of him, he does Irish characters very well always, having a good brogue and careful make-up. Mullin is a character which gives full scope to his powers in this line, and he fairly divides the applause and "calls before the curtain" with the Conways.

Mr. Jos. Proctor is in his second week at the Metropolitan, Buffalo. He opened in Damon, and on the second evening appeared in his great character of the Jibbenainosay, in "Nick of the Woods." Jack Cade was in rehearsal.

The following are the prices of admission to the New Memphis Theatre:—Dress circle and parquet, 75 cents; family circle, 50 cents; gallery, 25 cents; colored boxes, 50 cents; colored gallery, 25 cents. So it will be seen that the "moke" is not considered "contraband" in the Tennessee theatres. No wonder, then, that some colored brethren, having the management of a negro theatre, have concluded to do the handsome thing by the white folks, and append the following announcement to their programme:—"*Take Notice*—A portion of the upper tier has been reserved for respectable white folks, at half price." There's reciprocity, for you, without "foreign intervention."

The "Rake's Progress," a new play to a Memphis audience, was presented at the New Memphis Theatre on the 27th ult. Maginley was the "Sam Slap," and he was slap up in his part. The Memphis folks are gradually warming up in the cause of the drama, and the manager of the theatre there is doing all in his power to please them. Several new performers have left New York to join the Memphis company.

In Memphis, Tenn., theatrical matters may be said to have taken root once more. Business was never better. It looked a bold stroke of B. R. Maginley in venturing so far southward, but he is now reaping his just reward. On the 27th ult., the "Rake's Progress" was presented for the first time at the New Memphis, and well received. Messrs. Tannehill, Lawlor, and Petrie, were excellent in their respective characters. Mesdames Durivage and Graham, (the last-named lady also dances between the pieces,) are very highly spoken of. Maginley, the funny man, is becoming more of a favorite every day. On the 28th, the "Serious Family" and "Naval Engagement" occupied the boards.

Messrs. Langrishe and Dougherty, of the Denver Theatre, Colorado, have withdrawn the "Sea of Ice," after a very successful run, to make room for other novelties.

W. R. Blake was the recipient of a ben. on the 5th inst., at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, when Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" was given with the following cast:—Sir Anthony Absolute, W. R. Blake; Capt. Absolute, Chas. Walcott; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, C. Wheatleigh; David, Chas. Peters; Lydia Languish, Miss Laura Keene; Julia, Mrs. I. B. Phillips. So far Miss Laura's success has been splendid.

A German company are giving dramatic entertainments at the St. Louis Museum.

The Norfolk Opera House still continues to attract good houses. On Friday evening, 28th ult., "Don Cæsar de Bazan" was presented, with S. E. Browne as Don Cæsar, H. W. Gossin as Don Jose, and Miss Mary Mitchell as Maritana. Our correspondent, "Thespian," says:—"The play was a decided success. 'The Spectre Bridegroom' was the afterpiece. Mr. Herndon's Diggory, and Mr. Oates' Nicodemus, pleased excessively. To all appearances, 'The Spectre Bridegroom' is the most successful farce yet presented. The farewell benefit and last appearance of Miss Mitchell took place Saturday evening, Nov. 29th, when was presented Knowles' 'Hunchback,' with the fair beneficiarie as Julia, which she played with grace and fervor; and 'The Youth who Never Saw a Woman,' with Miss Mitchell as Colin, and Mrs. Fred. Williams as Eliza. Miss Mitchell made many friends during her brief theatrical sojourn amongst us, and it is to be hoped that the management will see fit to re-engage her at some future period.....An engagement was announced, in flaming bills, as having been effected with 'the favorite actress and most beautiful woman on the American stage,' Miss Fanny Browne; also, the favorite comedian from Wallack's, New York, Mr. A. H. Davenport; and Mdlle. Geraldine, the favorite danseuse. 'Satan in Paris' was perfomed on Monday evening, Dec. 1st, Miss Browne assuming Princess, Cartouche, Capt. Fitzherbert, and Clarisse Delville. She was warmly welcomed, and received the vociferous plaudits of a large audience. Davenport as the Count, and Gossin as Beausoliel, were well received. After the Pas Seul by Miss Geraldine, the burletta 'Nipped in the Bud' concluded the performance. 'Naval Engagements,' 'The Young Widow,' and 'The Swiss Swains' were presented Tuesday evening, 2d, and on Wednesday evening, 'Bob Nettles,' 'Eton Boy,' and Glenn's 'Dutch Hector.'"

We have cheering reports of business in Boston, where it appears nearly all places of amusement are doing well. "Ex-Yorker" sends us a summary of news, under date of Dec. 4th, as follows:—"Amusements are flourishing in Boston. Edwin Booth is at the Boston Theatre, supported by Mrs. J. B. Barrow, Miss Emily Mestayer, Miss Nina Foster, Messrs. W. H. Smith, J. J. Prior, and the balance of the company. The business is unexampled in the annals of the drama at this house.....The Museum is thronged at each performance; 'Magnolia' is the attraction. The scenery is of the most magnificent description, and the opening scene is pronounced by judges to be the most gorgeous ever placed upon the American stage. Mr. Warren, and the Misses Orton and Reignolds are the leading artists, and most faithfully do they render the characters entrusted to them. 'All Fill,' will probably be the response to would-be purchasers of tickets after seven o'clock, for many weeks.....The National Theatre is thriving under the management of that veteran manager and author, Wm. B. English. His company is a fair one at present. The Keller Troupe are here, and perform in conjunction with the regular company. 'The Female Champions of Boston,' 'Nymphs of the Red Sea,' and 'Bombardment of Fort Warren,' burlesques, have been produced in rapid succession, have been well placed on the boards, and artistically acted. This theatre does not take the usual summer vacation, but is open throughout the year.....The Howard Atheneum, with four stars, viz., Miss Kate Bateman, Mr. Bateman, Edwin Adams, and J. W. Wallack, Jr., is now filled to repletion nightly. The engagement has continued four weeks, and will probably be extended to twelve, in consequence of the extraordinary *furore* created by the performance of the troupe. A new play, entitled 'Leah the Forsaken,' will be performed next week, for the first time on any stage."

Miss Kate Seldon, a Pittsburgh correspondent states, did not support Mr. Eddy during his recent engagement there, as was asserted by "Now and Then," and on looking over a number of bills before us, we do not see her name in the cast.

A correspondent says there is some talk of Miss Western producing "East Lynne" at the New York Academy of Music. If she really has such a silly notion in contemplation, let her take our advice, and abandon it altogether. If she goes to the Academy on a venture, she will come out like a skinned eel. You see.

Sam Ryan has gone to Norfolk, to assist in opening the Melodeon.

Miss Sallie St. Clair continues at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis. She had produced the drama of the "Gypsy Girl," with the original music and scenic effects. Miss St. Clair appeared as Cynthia, the Zingara, while Miss Marian Macarthy took the part of Starlight Bess. Miss St. Clair will appear at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 15th inst.

Miss Kate Fisher is to commence an engagement at the Toronto Theatre on the 8th inst. She is to bring out "Mazeppa," in which she performs the riding act without the aid of a "substitute."

"East Lynne" promises to make some trouble in the theatrical camp. Miss Lucille Western has been performing a dramatization of Mrs. Wood's celebrated novel for some time past, at the Baltimore and Washington theatres, and she claims that dramatization as her individual property. By an advertisement in this department, it will be seen that Miss Western charges that other parties are violating her rights by taking portions of her play, and incorporating them in dramas which they call their own. Miss Western states that she will prosecute all managers or actors, who thus infringe upon her rights. Her play, adapted expressly for her by Clifton W. Tayleure, Esq., of the Baltimore Bar, is entitled "East Lynne, or the Elopement," and is protected by the law of copyright. She cautions managers and others against using any portion of her work. Miss Western is in her sixth week at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., where she is performing in the drama of "East Lynne" to crowded houses.

Mrs. Cecile Rush opened at the People's Theatre, Hartford, Ct., on the 1st inst., to a fair house, and was favorably received. She appeared as Fanchon, in the play of that name. Mrs. Rush's engagement closed on the 6th.

Mrs. Waller's Lady Macbeth proved a great hit in Providence, where it was played last week. The *Journal*, *Post*, and *Press*, unite in giving her the palm over Miss Cushman in Lady Macbeth and Meg Merriles. Mrs. Waller closed at the Academy on the 6th, and commences this evening, 8th, at the People's Theatre, Hartford, Ct.

Mr. John E. Owens commenced an engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on Monday, the 1st inst. Throughout the week, "Paul Pry," "The Toodles," "Poor Gentleman," "Forty Winks," etc., were the pieces selected for displaying J. E. O.'s great mimic powers and eccentricities.

"The Octoroon," now on at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, is creating quite an excitement among the boboliitionists and others, owing to its not fully illustrating their views on the subject of slavery. When folks talk about these matters outside the theatre, it naturally brings more inside. Boucy's first version of the "Octoroon," not that as represented by Dion to suit an Exeter Hall audience, was given for the first time at this house last Monday, with F. S. Chanfrau as "Uncle Pete." The Zanisiewski Troupe are still at Pike's.

On Wednesday, 3d inst., a new version of "Jack Sheppard" was produced at Bate's National Theatre, Cincinnati, Eddy as the heroic housebreaker, and Miss Jennie Parker as Mrs. Sheppard—her (Jennie's) first appearance. Mr. Eddy closed his second week on the 6th.

Adah Isaacs Menken's performances have roused the Baltimoreans to a great pitch. She made "a palpable hit" the very first night, and now seems to have taken root there. We used to hear considerable about the higher "walks" of the drama—now that term is but a secondary one, for haven't we the higher "runs" of the drama, as introduced by Miss Menken on Black Eagle, in her great character of "Mazeppa?" This great show piece alone has held the boards the past two weeks, and not only was the dress circle filled with ladies, but they were glad to occupy the parquet also, to witness "the Menken's" Amazonian daring and nerve. On the 1st inst. Miss Adah had a benefit. Saturday was the twenty-fourth night of this brilliant engagement, and the lady will doubtless make a prolonged stay there. By Manager Kunkel securing so popular a star, he has set the Old Front once more on a firm basis; it is to be hoped he won't lose his luck again in a hurry. Notwithstanding the great rush, prices have remained "as they were," 15, 25, and 38 cents. More novelties are promised, and "Putnam, the Iron Son of '76," "Jack Sheppard on Horseback," etc., are in preparation. It is somewhat singular that all places of amusement in Baltimore are doing such an excellent biz. It speaks well for New York people; they are the great cards of attraction at all houses.

The beautiful dramatic and operatic spectacle of "The Enchantress," with lots of pretty ballet girls, a grand chorus, new costumes, and new scenery, is now meeting with well-merited success at Ford's Washington Theatre. The decorations and scenery are magnificent; add to these, nearly a hundred young ladies, with the rare dramatic talent and accomplishments of the Richings, and it would be strange indeed if the "Enchantress" didn't enchant all the soldiers and civilians in and about Washington. It promises to have a lengthened run.

The Drama seems to be at a low ebb, just now, on the Pacific side of Uncle Sam's Farm. The following items from San Francisco are from our correspondent, "Sherry Corbyn," and are up to Nov. 10th:—FRIEND FRANK—Theatricals on the Pacific have come to a dead halt; not one dramatic company in San Francisco, but, nevertheless, there is any amount of amusement.

Metropolitan.—Horse Opera, by John Wilson's Mammoth Circus, has been the attractive feature. The dramatic company will re-enter on the 12th, but for how long it is impossible to say.

Maguire's Opera House.—At this place the Nigs and Italian Opera Troupe have been alternating and dividing the honors.

The American and Union are both closed.

Gilbert's Melodeon is now in the full tide of success, being crowded nightly. Joe Murphy, the California Nig, and by far the best comic performer in this State, has returned to this, his old home, and scenes of his former triumphs. Little Jennie Worrell, who is also here, would startle even you of the Empire City with her exquisite acting.

Bella Union.—Always crowded.

Leighton's Company are in San Jose, doing finely.

McKean Buchanan, with a first rate company, is in Sacramento.

Hayes' Park—Now called Cremorne Gardens—Has been doing very well since Phelps & Pridham have assumed the reigns of management. Last Sunday they had quite a novel performance. A Skating Party—in this latitude—is indeed a novelty, and last Sunday the spacious Pavilion was thronged with those eager to participate in the sports of the good old times. Parlor skates were used and the floor smoothed and waxed.

Willows.—This still continues to be the favorite suburban resort, and on Sundays it is crowded to excess.

F. Gilbert, proprietor of the Melodeon, will leave for Europe on the 21st. He goes on a pleasure tour.

No change in theatricals in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport remain at the Walnut, and J. S. Clarke at the Arch.

Barton Hill's "Columbus, or Discovery of America," did not meet with favor at the Walnut, Philadelphia, and has been withdrawn.

Annie M. Wilks (daughter of B. G. S. Wilks, for many years connected with the orchestra of the Walnut, Philadelphia) was married on the 3d inst. to Sam

"SHE'S MY COUSIN."

TO CARRIE.

She's my cousin; so what harm
For her blessed little arm
"Round my blessed little neck to twine?
And her dear, delicious lips,
With their rosy, fluttering tips,
Kiss so much
Just to touch
Mine.

She's my cousin; so you see,
She can't fall in love with me;
That I *always* keep in mind.
And, indeed, I've always kissed her,
As you would a little sister,
Just so that she
Might think me,
Kind.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

As Samuel Bowditch, one of the early settlers on Grand River, in Kentucky, was going across a patch of swamp, one afternoon, about half a mile from his dwelling, to look after some cattle, he heard a stick snap behind him, and turning quickly round, he found himself confronted with a huge savage, in all the hideousness of his war-paint, and with his rifle or musket levelled at his head, the muzzle not more than four feet from him. Bowditch himself had a rifle in his hand, but he knew the Indian could shoot him before he could raise it and fire, and so he did not make the attempt, but dropped it to the ground, and held up his open palms in token of surrender.

On seeing this, the savage walked up and said:

"Give Injun gun!"

The settler picked up his piece, and as he handed it to the other, said, in a conciliatory tone:

"I see you're a big chief, and I hope we may be friends."

"Where live?" asked the savage, as he produced a stout thong of deerskin, and proceeded to bind the hands of his captive, who, being a small man, saw he was no match for the other, even without weapons on either side, and so submitted quietly, though agonized at the thought of his poor helpless wife and children, in their lonely cabin over the hill.

"I live out yonder, not a great ways from here," replied the captive, nodding his head in the proper direction.

"How many got?" queried the savage.

The settler hesitated about telling correctly. He first thought he would name a number large enough to deter the Indian from going thither, and thus, perhaps, save his wife and children from a fate like his own; but after a moment's reflection, it occurred to him that, should the savage take him there, a chance might arise for him to regain his liberty, and so he decided upon speaking the truth.

"Why no Long-knife tell?" demanded the Indian, with an impatient frown. "No lie make."

"No, chief, I'll tell you the truth. There are only three persons in my cabin—my wife and two little children—but I know a big, brave chief like you, won't hurt 'em."

"Me go see 'em!" returned the savage, with a fierce gleam of triumph, which the other did not fail to notice.

Having tightly bound the hands of his captive behind his back, the savage felt about his dress for any other weapon, took away his ammunition, and putting both weapons over his own shoulder, told the white man to lead the way. This the latter did, full of hope, fear, and general anxiety, till he came in sight of his humble log dwelling, situated in a pleasant valley, through which flowed a pretty little stream, a branch of the Green river, when the Indian ordered him to stop, and proceeded to make him fast to a tree by means of another deerskin thong secured to that around his wrists.

"Ain't you going to let me go down to the house with you?" inquired the captive, now beginning to feel much alarm for the safety of his family.

"Me go alone!" returned the savage, gruffly. "Me big chief—want scalp!"

"Oh, for God's sake, don't kill my poor innocent wife and children!" pleaded Bowditch, fairly agonized at the thought. "You're a great chief, I know, and you'll remember that they never did you any harm!"

"Long-knife scalp much good!" rejoined the Indian, sullenly, as he finished binding the other to the tree, and strode away down the hill, carrying the two weapons with him. Bowditch watched him, step by step, as he glided away under cover of the trees, keeping some rock, stump, or clump of bushes between him and the inmates of the dwelling, so they might not by any chance perceive his approach and take the alarm.

"At any rate I can holler yit!" muttered the captive, "and may be they'll hear me;" and forthwith he set up a series of yells, that went echoing and re-echoing far away through the forest.

The settler saw his wife and children come in haste to the door, and look up the hill in alarm. At this he shouted at the top of his lungs:—

"Quick, Esther, go back into the house and bar it up tight! The Injuns are arter you, and I'm a prisoner! Quick! quick! or you're lost, and the children too!"

For a moment or two the mother and children stood as if paralyzed with amazement and terror, and then, to his great relief, he saw his little boy point in the direction of the skulking savage, and all three hastily retreat and closed the door.

The Indian now uttered a fierce yell, and stepping out into plain view, fired both pieces, one after the other, at the dwelling, as if he had impulsively adopted this means to vent his rage at being discovered and foiled of his murderous purpose. Then looking around at his captive, he threw down the rifle belonging to the latter, and drawing his tomahawk, started toward him on a run. Bowditch, who had watched every motion, and knew that in his rage the savage would brain and scalp him, now gathered all his strength and made one desperate effort to free himself, acting rather from the instincts of self preservation than from any real hope of success.

But to his great joy, his unspeakable joy, he heard and felt his bonds strain, crack, and snap, and suddenly found himself free, and his arms at liberty. He looked quickly and wildly around, almost disposed to doubt his senses—to discredit his good fortune—for any fortune then seemed good which would give him even a bare chance for his life where he expected only certain death. The Indian was at least a hundred and fifty yards from him, and his rifle was unloaded; and with that start in a race for life—in a race that involved not only his own life, but that of his beloved wife and children—who so swift of foot as to overtake him?

With a loud yell of mingled joy and defiance, away he went over the hill, and with a louder yell of rage at his unexpected escape, the fierce savage came bounding after him. Bowditch knew every inch of ground in that vicinity, and he had already regained sufficient presence of mind to shape his course so as to take advantage of all the chances in his favor. The hill, about the summit, was a succession of rocks and bushes, with caves, chasms, and precipices, and over, through and along these natural obstructions the fugitive believed he could make his way with any man living, either white or red, and so took the most troublesome route for his larger and more unwieldy pursuer, resolved, should he by chance find the latter gaining on him, to double on him at a certain cave not more than half a mile distant, where he could enter, and, by following one of the labyrinthian passages within, could come out on the same side into a thicket not more than fifty feet from the main opening.

Looking back occasionally, as he fled along his rocky way with the ease of a mountain goat, Bowditch soon discovered that however superior to him his adversary might be in mere physical strength, he was no match for him in speed in that particular locality; and this not only inspired him with the hope of escape, but with such confidence in his own resources, that he began in turn to calculate how best he might compass the destruction of his foe.

"Why not lure him into the cave," he muttered, "and let him fool his time round thar, whilst I start back arter my rifle, and then foller up the audacious whelp? I'll do it, and if I don't get even with him yit, then it's case fortin's agin me."

Having come to this determination, Bowditch slacked his pace till his pursuer was within fair view, when he pretended to stumble and fall, and then got up and ran with a limp, which caused the savage to yell with fierce delight, and redouble his exertions to overtake him. This was exactly what he intended to bring about, and he now managed his pace with so much deception, that, though seeming to exert himself to the utmost, he permitted the panting savage to gain a very little every minute, till the mouth of the cave was reached, at which time not more than a hundred paces divided them. The Indian saw the fugitive disappear in the dark opening, and believing he now had him secure once more, he came bounding up and plunged in after him, with a yell of triumph. The settler, who knew every twist and turn of every passage in the cave—and there were many—now uttered a sort of wailing groan from the centre, to urge the Indian on, and then quietly slipped off in a different direction, and reached the bright, open air, about the same time the other did the middle of the interior.

"Now then for it," muttered Bowditch, as he slipped over the brow of the hill and ran down toward his dwelling, which, owing to the ridge bending round the valley, in the shape of a magnet, or horse shoe, was scarcely as far distant as when he called to his wife.

His family saw him, and with a cry of joy his wife threw open the door.

"Quick, Esther!" he exclaimed, as he came in panting; "t'other powder horn and some bullets—quick!"

"Aint you coming in, Samuel?" inquired the wife in surprise and alarm.

"Jest long enough to get them things, since you won't!" he answered, as he bounded in and hurried to a rude shelf on one side of the room. "I've sort of played the coward once to-day," he added, "and now I'm going to wipe it out. Shut the door, Esther, and keep yourself and children out of danger! I'll be back soon. Good bye!" and without waiting for a reply, he ran out in the direction of his rifle, his wife vainly calling for him, and entreating him to come back, and not risk his life foolishly.

As soon as he had once more got hold of his rifle, he hastened to load it, and then felt, as he afterwards expressed it, "like a new man." Then keeping himself as much under cover as possible, he hurried up to a point where he could secrete himself and command a fair view of the mouth of the cave, within easy rifle range.

"Ef old Paintface haint mizzled," he muttered, with an ominous frown, "it's my opinion he never will!" and like a cat watching for game, he kept his eyes riveted upon the spot where he expected to see him appear.

For ten minutes all was still—nothing moved—and then, to his bitter satisfaction, he beheld the Indian coming out with a stealthy step, looking cautiously and suspiciously around. The settler's rifle was already leveled, and for a moment or two he sighted directly at his heart, and then fired. The savage threw up his hands convulsively, uttered a noise between a groan and a yell, and fell back quivering on the earth. Bowditch took time to reload, and then approached him cautiously. He found him quite dead.

"I never scalped a redskin in my life," he muttered, "but I'll do so onct," and he did.

When he had finished his bloody work, and secured everything of value, he threw the dead body down the rocks and left it to be devoured by the wild beasts and vultures. He then went home in triumph, and related his exploit to his astonished family. He lived for many years after that in the vicinity, but was never again molested.

A STRANGE STORY.

This is the age of discoveries, and one of such a startling nature has just been made in an English county, that it seems out of place in the region of sober fact, and to belong to the sphere of three-volume novels. Here are the circumstances, the names for the moment I am not at liberty to indicate. The Earl of —— married not long ago, and brought his bride home to one of the old family mansions, which members of the English aristocracy regard with an affection amounting to veneration. The lady, however, being more continental in her tastes, after a short residence in the apartment appropriated to her use, expressed a wish to have a boudoir in the vicinity of her bedroom. The noble earl would gladly have complied with her request, but upon examination it was found that the rooms, as sometimes in antique buildings, were so awkwardly distributed, that by no conceivable plan of re-arrangement could the desired boudoir be fitted in. Thereupon it became necessary to invoke professional assistance, and an eminent architect was summoned from London. He examined the house narrowly, and said there seemed to be nothing for it but to build, though at the same time he could not resist the impression that there must be another undiscovered room somewhere in that wing of the mansion. The noble earl laughed at the idea; the oldest servants and retainers of the family were questioned, and declared that they had never heard a rumor even of its existence. The ordinary mode of tapping, etc., was resorted to, but without effect. Still the architect retained his conviction, and declared himself ready to stake his professional reputation on the result.

The earl at last consented to let the wall be bored, and when an opening had been made, not only was the room found, but a sight presented itself which almost defeats attempts at description. The apartment was fitted up in the richest and most luxurious style of one hundred and fifty years since. A quantity of ladies' apparel lay about the room, jewels were scattered on the dressing-table, and but for the faded aspect which everything wore, the lone chamber might have been tenanted half an hour previously. On approaching the bed, the most curious sight of all was seen, and it is that which affords the only clue to the mystery.

The couch held the skeleton of a female, and on the floor, underneath the bed, half in and half out, lay another skeleton, that of a man, presenting evident traces of violence, and proving that before he expired in that position, he must have received some dreadful injury. The secret connected with this tale of blood has been well kept, for not merely had all tradition of the scene faded away, but even the existence of the room itself was forgotten. The survivors probably walled up the apartment at the time, and its contents remained hermetically sealed up to the present day, when according to the best calculations, after the lapse of a century and a half, daylight has accidentally penetrated into this chamber of horrors, which, to the surprise of all concerned, has been discovered in one of the noblest mansions in the county of ——.

WHAT WILL MONEY NOT DO?—The Kerry *Star* says the late Robt. Peel spoke in the House of Commons in the year 1846, to the following effect:—"When I was Chief Secretary of Ireland, a murder was committed between Carrick on Suir and Clonmel. A Mr. —— had a deadly revenge towards a Mr. ——, and he employed four men at two guineas each, to murder him. There was a road each side of the river Suir, from Carrick to Clonmel, and placing two men on each road, the escape of his victim was impossible. He was, therefore, foully murdered; and the country was so shocked by his heinous crime, that the Government offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of each of the murderers. And can it be believed, said Robert Peel, that the miscreant who bribed the murderers, was the very man who came and gave the information which led to their execution! and again, said Sir Robert, with these hands I paid, in Dublin Castle, the sum of £2000 to that monster in human shape."

A NOVEL KIND OF TARGET PRACTICE.—The firemen of St. Amand, near Amiens, France, have established an exercise which they call the "*tir hydraulic*," in which the tube of a fire engine replaces the rifle. An iron target is erected, in which a hole is pierced. The target is raised 15 feet from the ground by means of a pole. The water, driven by a fire engine placed at a distance of 25 feet from the target, is received in the central opening, and falls, by means of a funnel, into a cask capable of holding 25 gallons. The prize is adjudged to the fireman who shall fill the vessel in the shortest time. This period varied, on the first trial, from 1 minute 43 seconds to 3 minutes 30 seconds. The firemen are delighted with this new practice, and they have returned thanks to their captain, who originated the idea.

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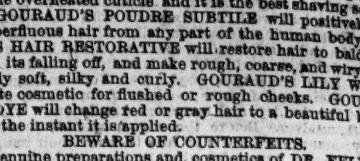

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